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adults only

**In-Depth
Study of
Homosexuality**

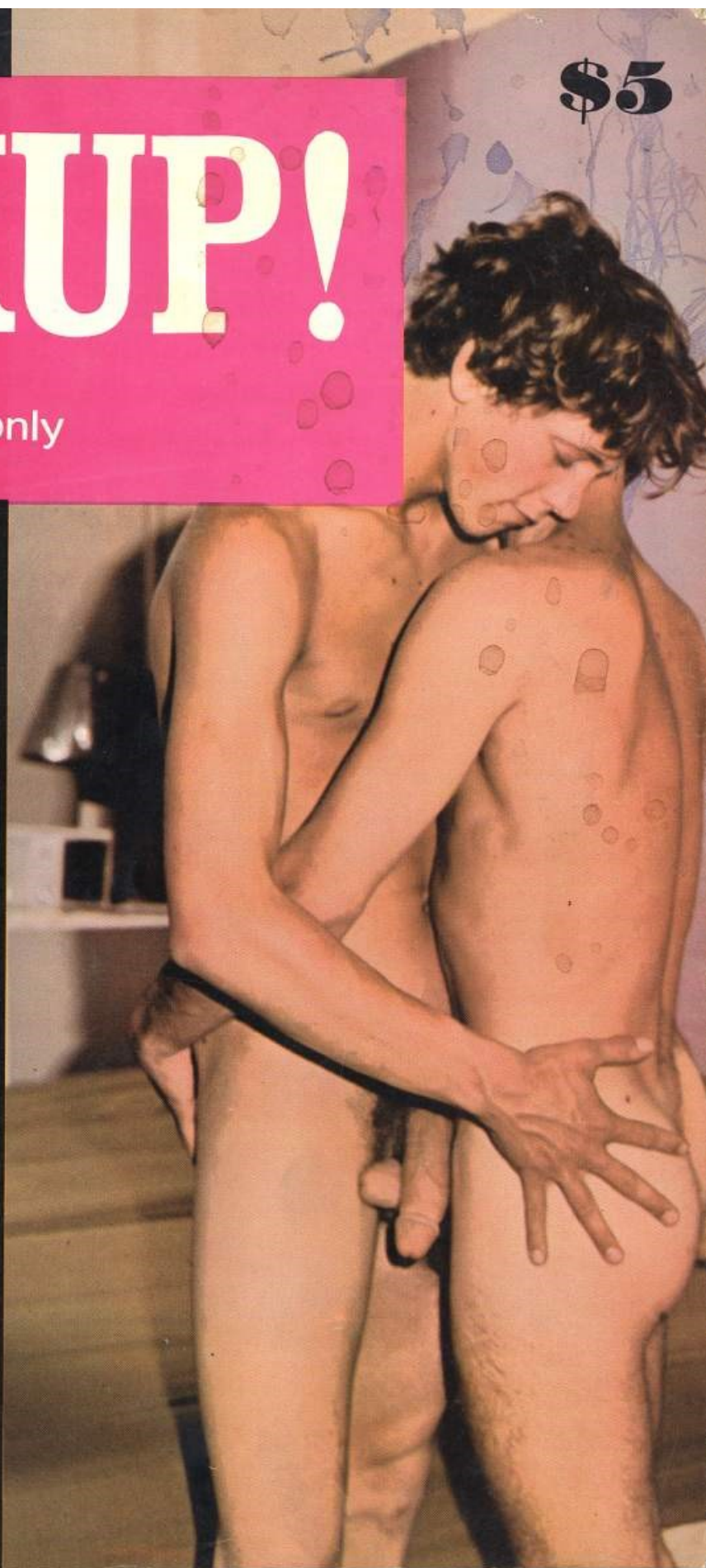
NEW

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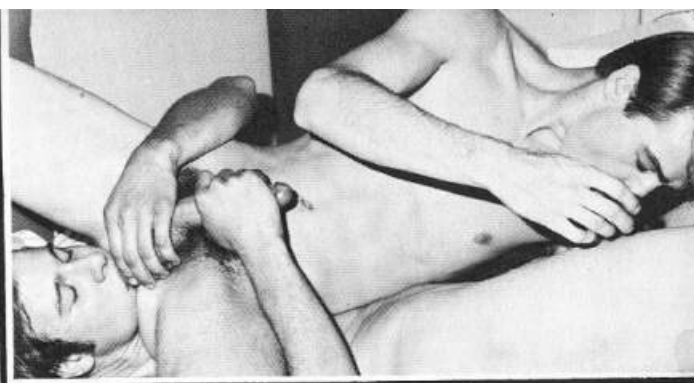
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PICKUP!

The Current Hustling System

There are, of course, various kinds of male prostitutes — ranging from the low-class delinquent tramp to the elite, well-educated “young friend” of the millionaire. Various authorities subdivide the discussion of male prostitution in various ways, all of which are seemingly legitimate classification schemes, but none of the available systems is complete. For example, Schur (1965) implies that there are two types of hustlers, those who do and those who do not conceive of their activity as a career — both profess not to be homosexual. Ross (1959) distinguishes three types of male homosexual prostitutes on the basis of their locus of hustling activity, namely (1) the bar hustler, (2) the street hustler, and (3) the callboy, who does not solicit in public. Reiss (1961) states that apparently there are at least several kinds of street hustlers: those who define themselves as both homosexuals and hustlers, those who call themselves only hustlers, and those who deny homosexuality and do not consider themselves as hustlers. Raven (1963) divides the area into five types of prostitutes, based upon his knowledge of what seem to be rather clear-cut categories. To some degree Schofield (1953) orders the field from the judgmental, and attitudinal viewpoint of the homosexual society, discussing the most despicable first and the more genteel later. The following discussion of “types” expands upon the reasoning of Schofield since it not only categorizes, but also orders and places value judgments upon these categories. It will be noted later that the newer and “fairer” laws in some European countries and in Illinois have in them an inherent value system similar to Schofield’s.



“Common” Street Hustlers

Perhaps the most stereotyped image of the hustler in both straight and gay life is the lower-class, ignorant, unclean, overly masculinized eighteen year old who stands around in parks and near dirty book stores in tight white levis with a bulging crotch, a t-shirt, and a heavy jacket, smoking a cigarette, combing his oily hair in a store window, and never breaking his sullen, bitter, contemptuous expression. This is “the look.” The boys cultivate this look. The customers expect it and usually only proposition boys who look this way.

... the role of hustler has become a well-institutionalized element in homosexual life. In speech, clothing, gesture, and other behavior, the hustler adopts the standardized model demanded by the situation. (Rechy, 1963, p. 36).

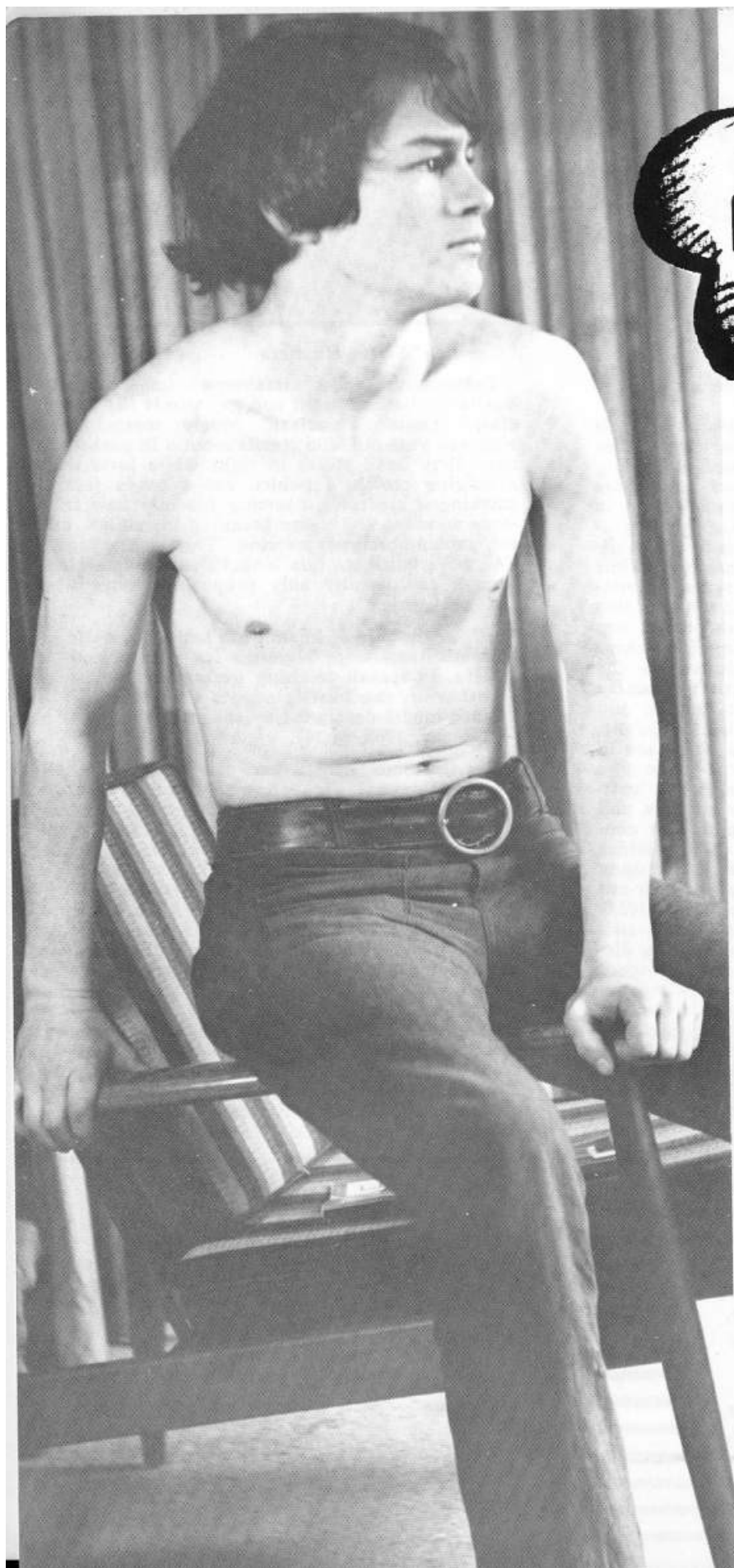
For the more literate there are books which tell how to achieve this look, how to pick up a “score,” how to set your rates, how to turn down someone tactfully, how far to go, etc., e.g., “The Beginner’s Guide to Cruising,” “The Advanced Guide to Cruising.” But usually the boys learn through their friends all of the tricks of the trade. Authorities and interviewees alike agree that the boys learn exactly what to do long before they ever try it and the notion that old men seduce the innocent young boys into hustling is simply not true.

This category of street hustler can be broken down further, as was done by Reiss (1961) who did an intensive study of the peer-group-oriented delinquent hustler, who does not consider himself homosexual. He denies that he is a hustler, even. Then, another type of street hustler would call himself a hustler, but not a homosexual. Thirdly, there are those who call themselves both.

(Above, right) Many street hustlers will perform in any fashion, for a price, then completely deny their homosexuality.

(Lower, right) Color is no barrier to the professional male prostitute, as long as the price is right.





MY SON, JOHN

My Son, John

Clementine Armbuster sat in the faded elegance of her sitting room. The sitting room was but just another in a series of some 30-odd rooms in the Armbax mansion, which she and her husband had purchased in the late twenties with the revenue earned from a series of highly successful motion pictures in which they had both starred.

F. S. Baxley, her husband, the noted screen lover, had died soon thereafter and Clementine's career waned sharply with the advent of talkies, for her voice was little more than a squeak; it was a voice that did not go with her face. It was almost as if she were a puppet using someone else's voice.

Clementine had remarried only once, and very briefly, in the ensuing years, though on any number of occasions rumor had it that she was romantically linked with this star or that. But when the attendant publicity had died down, having served its purpose for the star, the ashes of the "romance" were dutifully

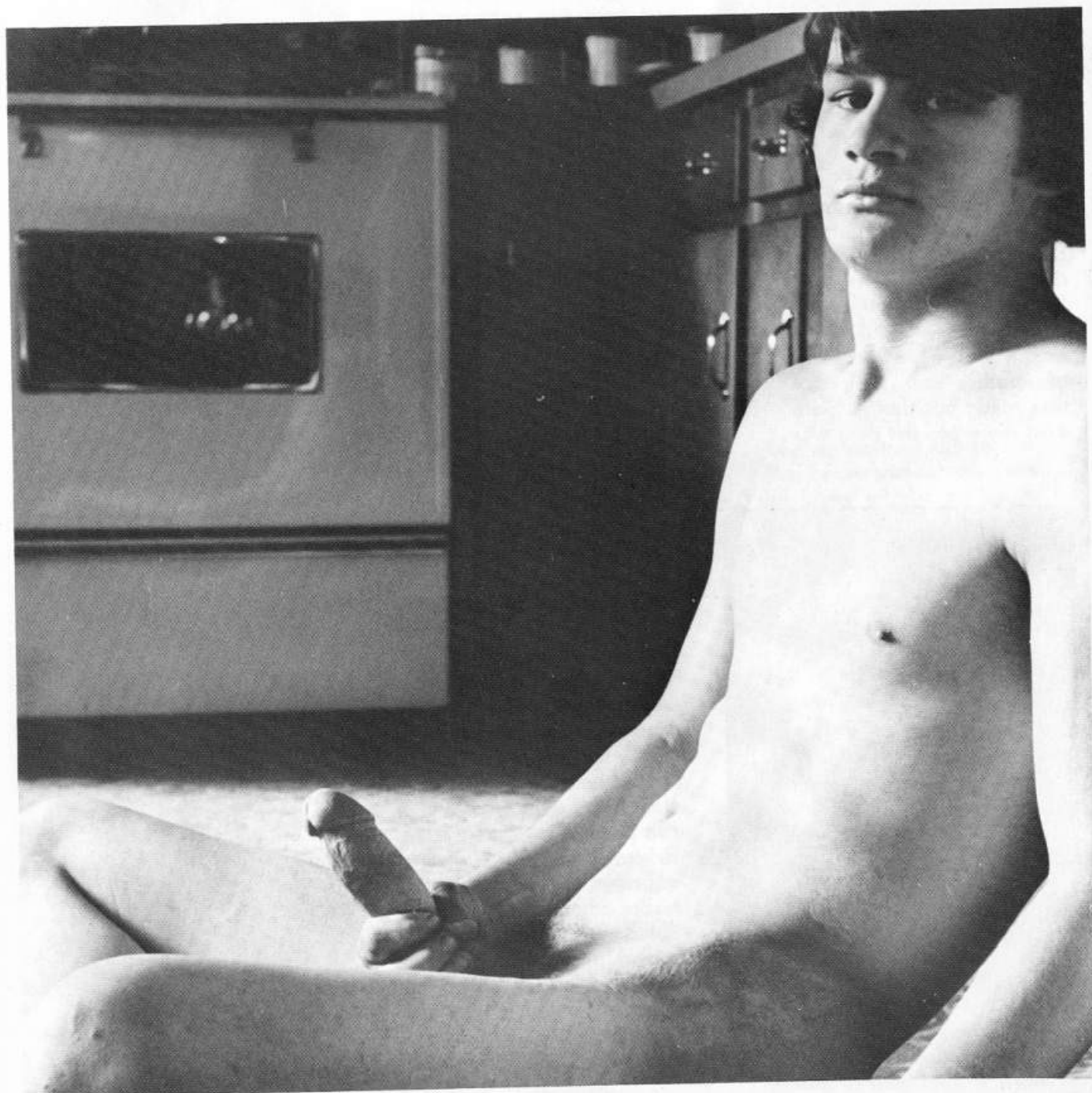
swept away and the faded jewel just shrugged off the affair as an "impossible situation."

The years had been kind to Clementine. Her own fortune was well invested, and the multimillion-dollar inheritance (tax free) from her beloved F. S. (as she reverently referred to her deceased mate) had been

placed in trust, as had that of their son, John. He, however, thankful for the inheritance, relied solely on that fortune for his existence. For without the assist from his bank account he would not have survived. He had no particular talents. Yes, it would be safe to say that without the money he would have been

a bum.

Clementine had prepared for her old age. She still controlled the purse strings with a tight fist. Her trusted servant for some 40-odd years, Briggs, still attended her and acted as overseer of her holdings, making sure that John didn't try any hanky-panky, playing on the emotions of his mother





necessary, and tinted by streaks of garish rouge. However, the formal elegance remained, staid and stoic as when she was in her prime.

Since Clementine's recent trip East, the first she had made in nearly 20 years, she had tried to hide the fact that she had a new romance in the offing. She had kept this romance secret because the man in-



to milk her of additional funds besides the monthly dole he received from his trust fund.

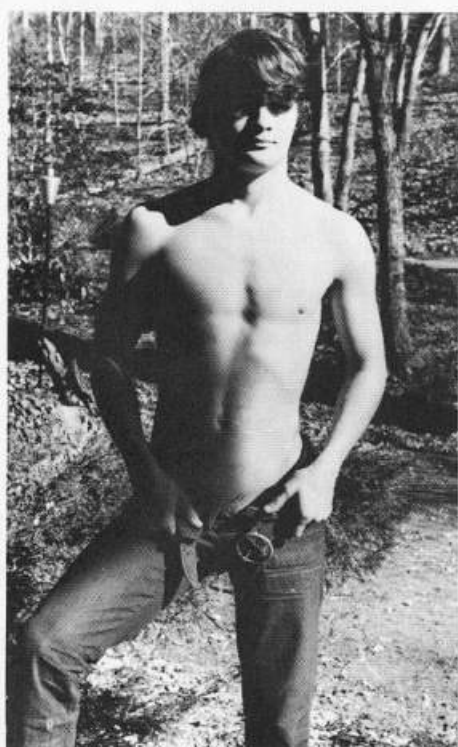
The retired star, though, refused to accept the fact that she was aging. Like the manse that surrounded her, the trappings were elegant, but passe; thus Clementine still wore the dress of another era. Her face was made up, though with a bit more powder than was



delighted and shocked when she read it, and then had destroyed the message right before his eyes!

The servant noted with concern the playfulness of her behavior after that as she hustled about the house, making preparations — though for what, he didn't know!

It wasn't until several days later that he was made aware of what might pos-



involved, an aspiring actor, was 2 years younger than her son! Briggs had not accompanied her on the trip, and so was unaware of the situation.

Playfully, Clementine kept the romance a secret from Briggs; she delighted in the fact that this was the first time in 40 years she had been able to have a complete secret, even from Briggs!

Briggs was visibly disturbed when he realized that "Madame" was keeping something from him. But what had compounded the mystery for him was when she received a certain telegram. She had acted both





sibly be happening. Clementine had just returned from a visit to a couturier (the first in many years)—then issued excited instructions to Briggs to get the house in readiness. A male friend was due to arrive soon from New York City. She was especially careful to emphasize that he was her guest, and she wanted to make an especially good impression on him.

Briggs brought many items out of retirement, brightened up the house where possible. He was surprised when Madame called the beauty salon for an appointment, even though the visitor wasn't expected for over a week.

Clementine had a renewed interest in life. She was almost her old self in vitality and sparkle!

Clementine flitted and twittered as in the days when her star shone brightly.

John noticed the difference the moment he came

down for breakfast with his mother. The occasion was a rare one, for John usually slept until early afternoon, when his day began. He proudly referred to himself as being a night person.

"John, darling!" Clementine exclaimed, pleasantly surprised to see her heir up so early.

"What's happening, Mother? It's the first time in years that I've seen you so happy."

She glanced at him nervously. "Dahling," she exclaimed in her old form, the line for which she had been famous, "I have a surprise!" Clementine lowered her voice in a way to suggest mystery and intrigue.

John had learned early in life that when his mother wanted to talk it was best not to interrupt, nor to question her until she was finally finished. It might take an hour for her to finish; regardless of how long it took, Clementine was just not to be interrupted.

"John, honey, I'm so happy you arose early; I've been wanting to tell you for several weeks now. I'm expecting a houseguest late next week."

John eyed his mother. The mystery of the revitalized house was solved. Now he knew why it no longer looked like a mausoleum, but he didn't dare interrupt.

"Raymond Swanson is coming to visit," she announced, almost formally.

"Who the hell is Raymond Swanson?" John couldn't resist the interruption now.

"John! I'm speaking. I'll come to that!" She lowered her eyes and looked toward the door. Clementine didn't want to speak in the presence of Briggs.

Satisfied that he wasn't yet making an entrance, she continued. "Raymond Swanson is a gentleman friend I met on my last visit East. He's an aspiring actor, a fine gentleman, and I intend to help him. I want

you to treat him with every courtesy." She ended her speech abruptly, with an air of finality.

John knew that no statement was expected from him. He had long ago learned to do exactly as was expected. "I will, Mother," he muttered forlornly.

Mother and son finished breakfast in silence. John sat and wondered what type of fellow had attracted his mother's attention now. It had been several years since she had shown an interest in anybody. John knew that it had to be someone with a pretty domineering character, to attract his mother's attention. In fact, he had to be pretty attractive, to get his mother to come out of her cocoon and go through this bother. The young man decided not to go away during that time; he was anxious to meet Raymond. He knew it would be interesting.

In the ensuing week John said nothing, but cautiously observed the transformation of the house, of the staff, and primarily of his mother. It had been years since he had seen her so sprightly and gay.

The more he thought of it, the more John wondered about Raymond Swanson. What sort of man would move his mother to these lengths? Furthermore, what had been their relationship in New York, that she should be so anxious to see him?

John recalled his stepfather, his mother's second

husband. He recalled the few months that the marriage had lasted in stormy violence. He remembered with pain the ranting outbursts of his mother until the man had finally left. John had long suspected that Briggs was the one who finally got the reluctant husband to leave the premises, though his suspicions had never been actually confirmed. But the thought still lingered.

The week hustled by. When "L day" finally did arrive, Clementine arose especially early, for she had an appointment with her hairdresser, who was to put the final touches on her coiffure, a project she had worked on every day for the past week.

Clementine's face was made up by her beautician. No longer were daubs of rouge prominent: instead, a blushing glow, with hint of lipstick—everything was changed!

When the hour appointed for Mr. Swanson's arrival at the Los Angeles airport approached, John was taken aback to see Briggs appear in a chauffeur's uniform; he had never worn one before. When the servant saw the young man watching him, he lowered his eyes. He was obviously ashamed. John averted his gaze so as not to embarrass the man.

John immediately returned to his bedroom. He didn't want to observe the ritual of his mother's departure, for fear of utter embarrassment.

When he finally heard the car departing down the long drive he hurried to dress, determined to be out of the house when they returned. He would have plenty of time to meet the swain.

It was a full 2 days before John finally met his mother's houseguest. He had avoided being home during the waking hours, for he didn't want to intrude on his mother's privacy; thus the meeting was purely accidental.

The shock of the meeting shook Clementine's son, visibly. His first impression was that this youth he met in the east wing of the house must be the son of Raymond Swanson, but the youth assured him that he was Raymond himself. John was paralyzed at this turn of events.

Needless to say, the youth's age appalled John; but more than that, his effeminate mannerisms frightened the son. He immediately canceled all plans to be away from home and remained put, to be around as much as possible, to find out just what the hell was happening, as he explained to his friends on the telephone.

Dinner, that evening, was an embarrassing affair.

John's stomach churned and his blood pressure mounted steadily as he ob-

served Raymond escorting Clementine into the dining room; they walked hand in hand, teasing each other.

Each time Raymond called Clementine "baby" John almost choked on his food.

The guest tried to carry on a pleasant conversation with his love during dinner, but each time he spoke, he glanced over at John, humorously.

John detected the guest eyeing him with interest, and immediately decided that he would return the look of interest. Perhaps he could steer him into the privacy of his own bedroom. He knew, once that happened, he could take over the situation.

When next Raymond glanced his way, John smiled wryly at him. The guest looked at him, surprised; then he, too, smiled.

"We're going to the Hollywood Bowl tonight," Clementine announced during dessert. She eyed her son. "Would you like to join us?"

John looked at his mother a moment. "No, Mother, I'm not going out tonight; in fact, I'll be in my room all evening. I have some reading I'd like to catch up on."

No sooner had he spoken than he knew that the guest had grasped the intonation and intimation of that speech. Raymond glanced at him and grinned playfully.

When they had finished dinner, John glanced at the guest; he saw Raymond holding his mother's hand, but peering out of the corner of his eye at him.

John waved to them as they left, immediately retreating to his bedroom. He was glad he had a supply of reading matter he had long wanted to catch up on.

It was nearly 2:30 and everything in the house was still. John's mother and her guest had returned home nearly an hour before. John had listened to them as they drank a nightcap and then retreated to their bedrooms.

The youth returned to his bed to read. He heard a light tap on the door. Smil-



ing smugly, he called out, "Come in!"

The door opened and Raymond entered. He was wearing silk pajamas, and a shiny red robe hung loosely from his shoulders.

"I brought you a drink; I thought you might need a bracer," he explained, just above a whisper, smiling, obviously pleased to find John awake.

"Thanks; I could use it."

The guest handed over the drink and sat down on the edge of the bed, setting his own glass on the nightstand.

John fingered the glass nervously, then took a long sip of the contents. Smacking his lips, he expressed compliments.

"I'm flattered," Raymond whispered, grasping John's free hand, which was resting on the bed.

John sipped his drink. He wanted to bring up the subject of Raymond's relationship with his mother, but thought better of it; now was not the time.

Raymond's hand was still resting on his.

The young man felt the smooth hand on his. The hand was that of a person who did no work: it was soft. John thought of that hand, the same hand that held his mother's. But it was a gentle hand. The fingers worked and were now entwined with his own.

Lying back on the bed, John eyed the man seated beside him. Yes, this was an extremely handsome

youth — much too handsome: he was almost pretty. The mellow blue eyes in the pale-white visage almost mesmerized him.

John closed his eyes and tried to think of Raymnod as he had visualized him, then opened his eyes again. The effect was startling!

When John took another long sip of his drink, he felt the youth's hand resting on his thigh. He did not move. From years of mixed company, he recognized the approach.

The hand moved slowly up his thigh, which tingled with the thrill of the light fingers running playfully toward his sex organ. The effect of the soft warm hand was quickly evidenced as the sheet rose suddenly.

John closed his eyes once more as the thrill of the sudden attention excited him.

The guest sensed the excitement and continued the finger-play attack, slipping his hand under the sheet. He was pleasantly surprised to discover that his prey wore nothing. He smiled.

John lay back expectantly. He was prepared now. He felt the sheet being pulled from him, exposing his body. He could feel the youth's warm lips as they touched his nipples. The damp, warm tongue danced playfully around the brown circles. John squirmed in delight. Gently he grasped Raymond's head and eased it down until the youth's tongue played on his stomach.

"Kiss it, kiss it," he whis-

pered.

Raymond responded with his lips and his tongue. Unhesitating, his mouth swallowed slowly, moving up and down to the rhythm of his victim's gyrations.

"More! More!" John moaned as he arched his back. He couldn't resist the thrill of the hot mouth, which was now working faster and faster.

"Faster, faster!" he panted, wanting to seek release of the hot fluid he was so anxious to expel.

Raymond held John's hips, fondling his buttocks and thighs; then he let go, quickly releasing his own body from his clothing.

"Now, take me," Raymond begged as he climbed back onto the bed. "Take me . . . all the way . . ."

Frenzied, now, John quickly climbed on the youth. Pushing, stabbing, he sought to penetrate, seeking relief.

"Ohhhhh . . . take me, daddy, take me . . ."

John pushed with all the force he possessed, working his body convulsively, panting as he gyrated his hips.

"Keep it up, daddy; I love it!"

The whole bed trembled under the weight and the anxious sex activity of the two men as they tossed in the love throes.

"My God, I'm coming—I'm coming!" John had raised his voice. It was beautiful as he felt the hot fluid shoot from him. He was panting in complete ecstasy.

"Ohhhh . . ." he moaned—then it was all over.

Already Raymond was climbing out from under him.

"I sure enjoyed that!" he whispered seductively.

John remained silent. He wished he could sleep.

Both men sat on the bed, sipping their drinks. Neither spoke for a long while.

John broke the silence. "What is the relationship between you and my mother?"

There was a long hesitation. Raymond knew that the moment of truth had arrived. He tried hard to sound flippant, but knew that this was impossible.

"We're very much in love."

"You?" John exclaimed loudly, with a sound of disgust.

"Yes, me," he responded proudly. "In fact, tonight your mother suggested marriage."

John was flabbergasted. "You're out of your God-damned mind if you think that will happen—"

"I've told her yes—and I intend to marry her."

"You think you can marry her just for her money?"

"I told you, we're in love—"

"Don't make me laugh! You're nothing but a God-damned queen. I promise you, I'll tell her all about you—I'll make sure she knows."

Raymond was alarmed. "You do and I'll kill you," he gritted.

"You rotten bastard, you wouldn't stop at anything to get my inheritance, would you?"

"We could still be bed

partners, you know, after I marry your mother—"

"You make me sick! Get out of here. You'd better get the hell out of this house before you find your own throat cut!" John was shouting now.

There was a loud noise outside, then silence. John wondered who had heard them.

Raymond quickly left the room. John locked his door and went back to bed. He turned out the light, but was unable to sleep.

Clementine was having breakfast. She was surprised that neither Raymond nor John was up yet.

"Madame," Briggs began nervously, "I have something very important to discuss with you."

Clementine had never seen Briggs so nervous. She suddenly recalled that the last time he had seemed upset was when he had informed her that her second husband was a drug addict.

"Yes, Briggs, what is it?"

"Could we go out into the garden where I may speak freely?"

She contemplated this a moment, her eyes on the doorway, hoping that one of the boys would enter. But she feared that they wouldn't. She also sensed that Briggs was about to give her some bad news.

Silently she rose and took Briggs by the arm. She was glad he was still with her, after all these years. They walked through the large French doors onto the brick patio, then through the myriad of colors. The flowers were all in bloom now.

When they reached the

grassy plot where the white iron furniture was placed to face the pool, they seated themselves.

Briggs pondered a long moment, gathering his thoughts.

"Oh, Madame . . ." he began finally, "how shall I tell you?"

Then he began to relate his story. He had seen the visitor creep stealthily into John's room and had seen them have a love tryst; then, he informed her, he had heard them plot to kill her for the inheritance.

Clementine was shocked beyond belief. This accounted for their delay in coming to breakfast: they couldn't face her. "Why, they must be in there plotting right now!" she exclaimed, her face pale with fright.

Briggs nodded solemnly.

"I must do something right away! Briggs . . . I must call my attorney and cut John out of my will—and you, Briggs, I'll remember you for these trusted years you've watched over me."

"But you must leave right away—go anywhere! I'll get rid of Raymond—"

"You're right! I'll dash to New York to visit some friends!"

Within a short time Clementine was winging East.

Neither youth knew what was happening. Both slept until early afternoon.

As Briggs returned from the airport he had a determined grin on his face. It was over now. He knew that someday the whole estate would be his—he just knew it!

THE STREET HUSTLERS WHO DENY HOMOSEXUALITY

The first category, the delinquent boy, is probably the most frequent type of street hustler. According to Reiss (1961), these adolescents learn about hustling behavior through their gangs and there is a strict code of behavior permitted and encouraged by the other youths in the gang.

... They learn the prescribed form of behavior with adult fellators and are inducted into it as a business transaction by means of membership in a group which carries this knowledge in a common tradition and controls its practice ... the peer group controls the amount of activity and the conditions under which it is permitted. Finally, it is postulated that this is a shared organizational system between peer hustlers and adult fellators.
(Reiss, 1961, p. 251).

Reiss studied and formalized the norms under which these delinquent gangs operate. The first norm is to get money — money is the primary goal, not sexual gratification which is all right as a by-product, but it is not to be the reason. The second norm is that the sexual transaction must be limited to mouth-genital fellation. No other sexual acts are generally tolerated. Concomitant with this norm is the rule that if the adult wants more, violence from the boy is expected by the group. The third norm is that both the youth and the adult are to remain affectively neutral during the transaction. Gratification is permitted, but affect is not. The fourth norm is that violence must not be used so long as the relationship conforms to the shared set of expectations between "queers and peers ... the main reason perhaps for this norm is that uncontrolled violence is potentially disruptive to any organized system" (Reiss, 1961).

There must be many reasons why such norms are in effect. Perhaps the foremost is that they tend to insulate the youth from thinking about himself as a homosexual, or even as a person who enjoys homosexual behavior. They keep him from thinking about himself negatively. Put in their light, the behavior is almost masculine, i.e., it conforms largely with their ideas of masculinity, namely, that men are not emotional, that men do not love men, that money is more important than emotional satisfaction, etc. Also most of these adolescent boys are extremely hostile towards

society and this type of behavior is just another in their long histories of outrageous anti-social behavior. But just as they have norms about other delinquent activities, they have norms about these. The norms set up the safest way to carry out the offense.

Slightly different from these peer-group hustlers are the young men who are in the armed services who do some hustling on the side. They also belong to the larger category of street hustlers, and to the subcategory of those who define themselves as both non-hustlers and non-homosexuals. As Ravin (1963) points out, they have some norms and they learn about hustling from older guys in the service who have also hustled at times, and that there can even be a tradition connected to the whole process. The norms are, however, nowhere nearly so well defined and restrictive. The "tradition" aspect may in this case serve more to protect the individual from labeling himself negatively. In the case of the soldier and the sailor, money is usually the primary goal. Anti-social acting out is probably not as much a motivating factor. Usually the armed service man needs cash or a place to stay while on leave in a large city.

The second group of semi-prostitutes is made up of sailors and other servicemen who come to the larger towns on a weekend pass and save themselves the expense of paying for a room for the night ... they are quite aware of the fact that they are expected to share one bed and as a rule they are prepared to do what is expected of them.

(Schofield, 1953, p. 118).

Schofield also states that these sailors, et al., would deny just as indignantly the charge of "prostitution" as do the delinquents studied by Reiss. Schofield discusses another group of young men who fit well into this category of those who deny both homosexuality and hustling.

One group consists of young men from the poorer sections of the community who find they can drink in the best bars, sit in the most expensive seats at the theatre and generally enjoy a mode of existence that would otherwise be denied to them, if they can find a rich and willing partner. Many of these are not homosexual. Some manage to avoid overt homosexual activities which they find unpleasant but worth while as an exchange for the bright lights and the gay life.

(Schofield, 1953, p. 118).



Why this massive denial of being a hustler? Why this massive denial of being a homosexual? Why this air of super-masculinity? As discussed later in the section on the "psychology" of the hustler, there is the very powerful aspect of accepting the label of homosexuality. Once the label is given and accepted, it becomes increasingly difficult to get oneself out of the compulsively repetitive behavior of cruising, hustling, going to homosexual bars, etc. Somehow these youths who keep up the self-concept of masculinity are doing it for their own ego-protection. There are those observers who agree with them that they are not homosexual, that they can just be temporarily engaging in homosexual behavior. Raven does not agree:

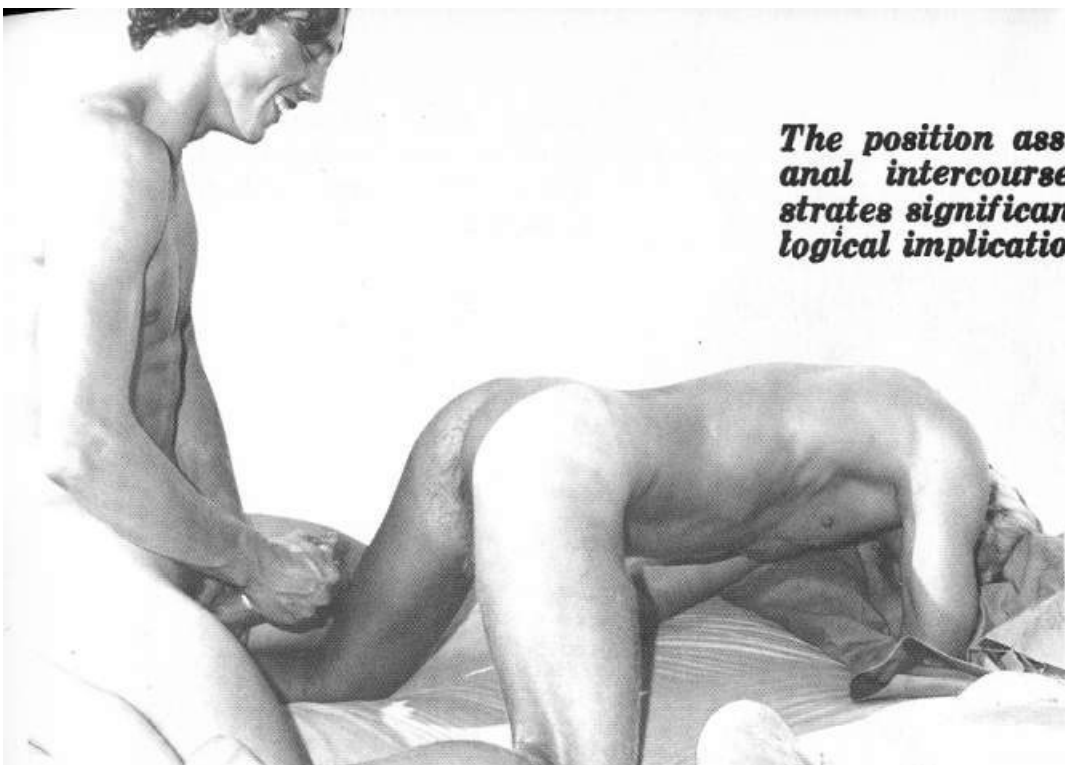
However, it is evident that a person who is not at least slightly homosexual in taste could never begin to tolerate such a situation . . . most soldiers who behave (this way) have a definite, if narrow, homosexual streak . . . in fact (they are) bisexual. (Ravin, 1963, p. 279-281).

The comparison of size brings back memories of child-like 'messaging around' behind the barn. They used euphemisms for their gamest then too!



After paying for the real action, there is a challenge in winning the real affection of the partner.





The position assumed for anal intercourse demonstrates significant psychological implications.



The confusion of roles, may make even an innocent, affectionate kiss a no no.



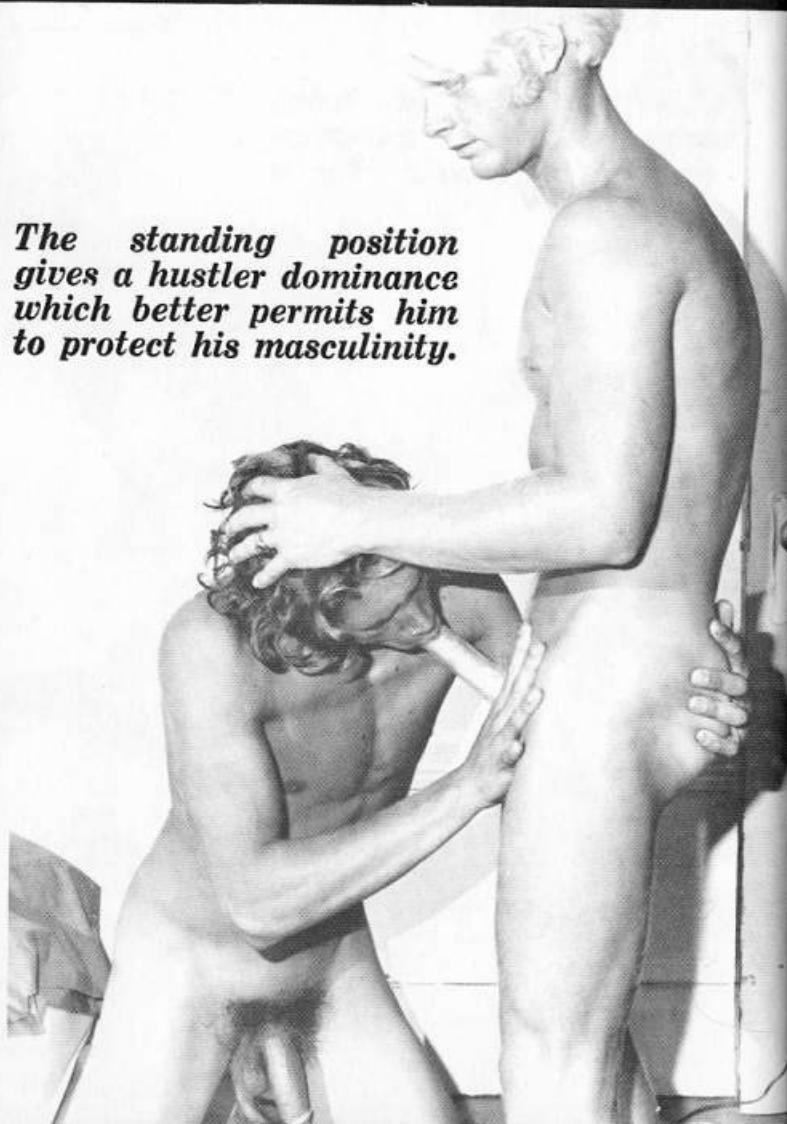
There are often tell-tale signs of enjoyment if one is at all sensitive to his partner.



Even the unexperienced hustler can be made playable with some effective foreplay.



Gentle, sensual body contact is an essential need of everyone, no matter how hard the outer facade. . . .



The standing position gives a hustler dominance which better permits him to protect his masculinity.

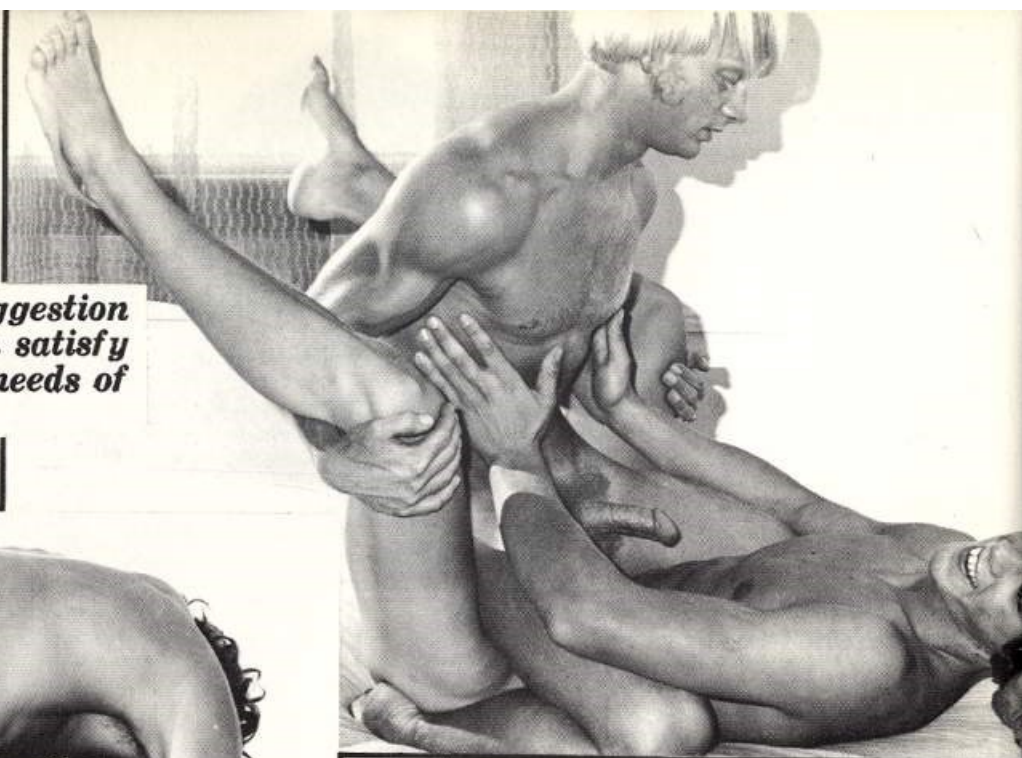


The "straight" hustler may pretend to be unfamiliar with the tools of his trade, an unlikely proposition unless he showers with his shorts on.



Even when totally reciprocating, he needs the dominant (on top) position to bolster his identity as a man.

A non-violent suggestion of rough stuff can satisfy the psychological needs of both partners.



A little friendly persuasion can work wonders with even the most recalcitrant hustlers.



"Fantasy", the thought of what might happen or be the case, can be as satisfying as the actual deed.







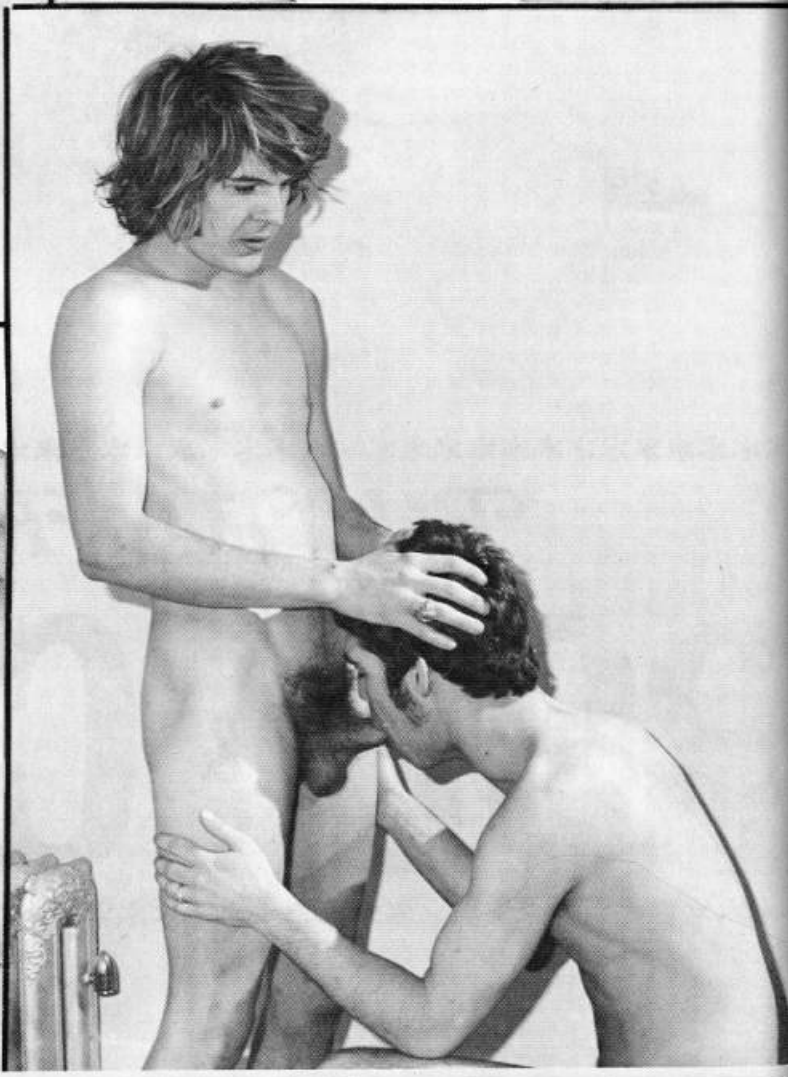
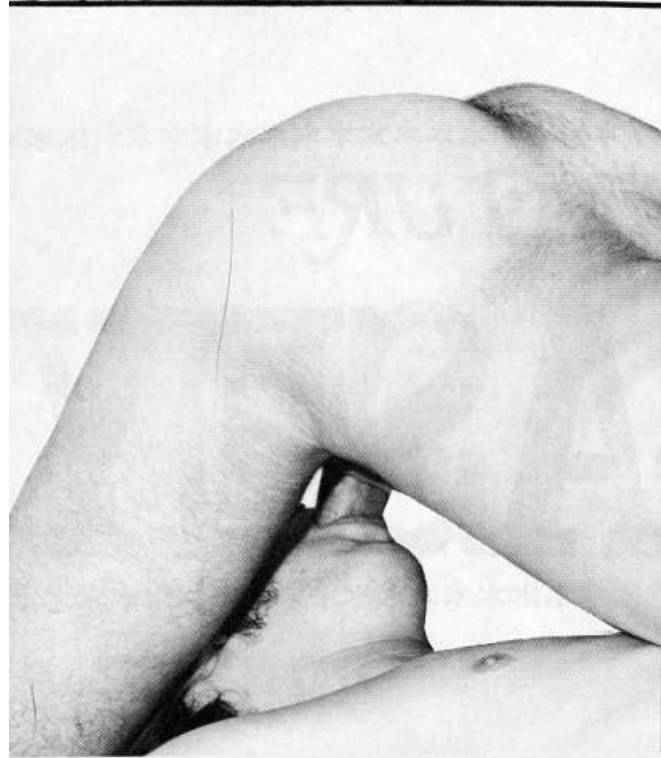






PHOTO FEATURE

BOB & CASEY







THE NUDE ON THE BALCONY

THE NUDE ON THE BALCONY

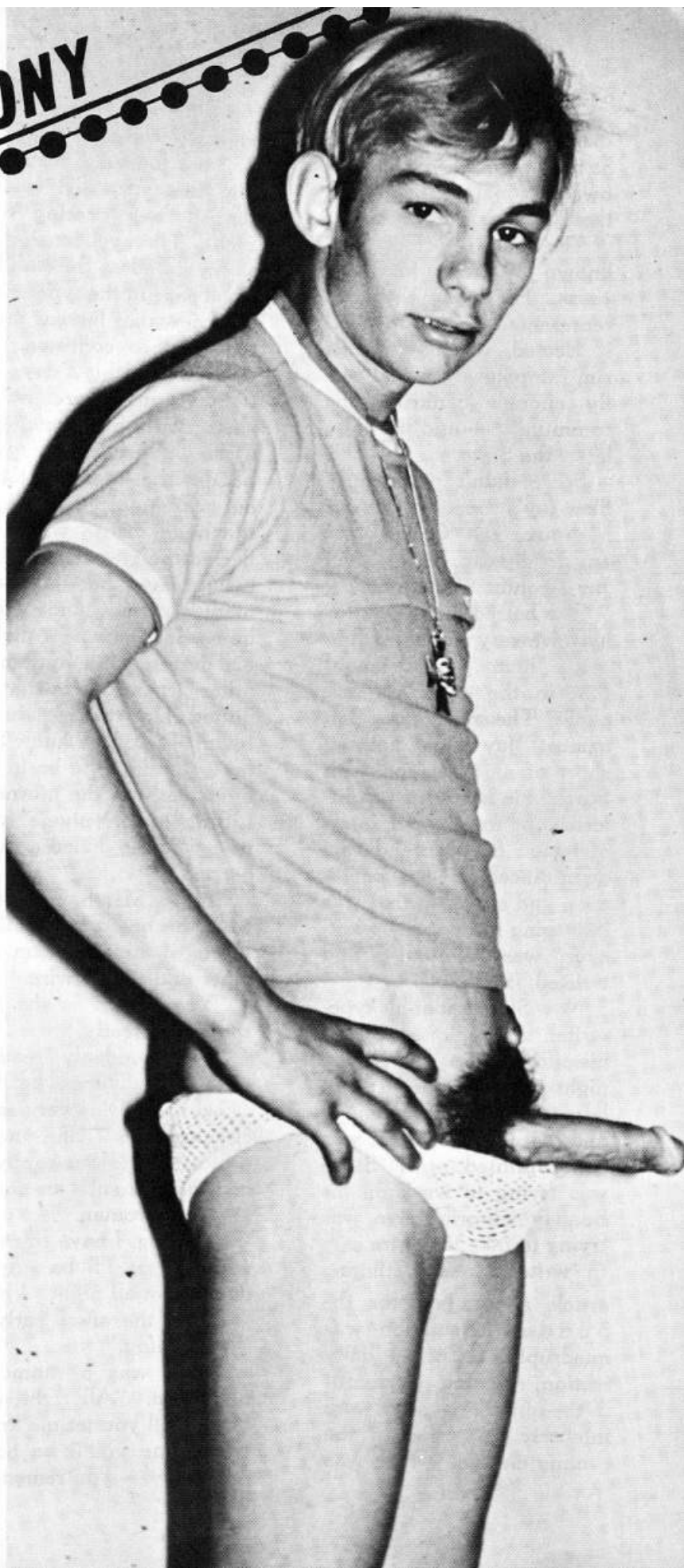
The lettering on the door, "Steve McGregor, Editor-in-Chief," had lost its original connotation for Steve in the years since his promotion to that position on the Daily Gazetteer.

Steve recalled how proud he had been when he first received word of the promotion. Then the added burdens of the title began to unfurl before him: policy, what stand to take on current events—but more than that, he had to tell **why**.

In the past few months, however, a new facet had been emerging, one he disliked intensely.

With the approach of elections, local and statewide, he had received with utter dismay the news that Jay Cronin was running for mayor of the nearby community of Amorpha.

Steve was not as worried for the good citizens of Amorpha as he was for the people of Louisiana as a whole. He knew that once Jay had his foot in the door,



there was no telling where he might go. He made it his own personal crusade to see that Jay was not elected.

The editor-in-chief had known Jay Cronin for many years. He knew that Jay represented a faction that, if elected, would let graft run rampant and could easily enough bankrupt the community — and possibly, later, the State.

Steve didn't particularly like Jay's opponent, Alec Malroux, the Creole, but anything was better than Jay Cronin. Anything!

The hatred Steve had for his adversary was evident in every item printed about him in the editor's newspaper. The smear campaign against Jay was nothing short of an obsession with Steve. He had spent countless hours in research, interviewing friends and acquaintances of the candidate, and anything that was damaging in any way whatever was printed — and twisted, if possible.

Now Steve sat at his typewriter in the loneliness of his office. It was late Friday night and everyone else had left. All the items were in and Saturday's paper was being printed now. Steve was trying to work on his Sunday editorial. He was trying to take the extra care to write a really stinging article about Jay, for the Sunday circulation was quadruple that of the daily edition, reaching people out in the hinterlands who were intensely interested in the coming election, which was

still a few weeks away.

Steve looked at his watch and was surprised to find that it was nearing midnight. His eyelids drooped as he stared at the half-finished page in the typewriter. He knew that he was much too tired to continue. He decided to call it a day.

Steve, in his present position, was able to maintain a small apartment in town, besides the large plantation out near Amorpha. He loved the huge manse which reflected the grandeur of antebellum days, but the apartment came in handy when he needed to be near the office during crises, and under other circumstances that required him to remain in town. The editor knew that he would have to be in the office early in the morning. Lifting his telephone from its cradle, he dialed a number.

"Hello, Marsha?" he said when he heard the familiar voice of his wife on the other end of the wire.

"Yes, dear?" she responded sweetly.

Steve suddenly realized how many times he had called her in this very same circumstance. She never protested. He was happy he had married such an understanding woman.

"Darling, I have so much work to do I'll be staying downtown all night. I have to be in the office early in the morning."

There was a moment's hesitation. "All right, darling. Will you let me know what time you'll be home tomorrow?—you remember



we have guests for dinner tomorrow evening."

"I haven't forgotten, honey. If you need me you can call me at the apartment." Then, suddenly feeling like a heel, "I'm sorry, darling; honest, I'm just too tired to drive that distance."

"I understand, Steve." Her voice sounded disappointed, but she tried to sound as pleasant as possible.

"Give me a kiss," he demanded, as he had always done ever since they were first married. He listened for the familiar sound; when he was satisfied, he finally hung up.

Pulling on his jacket, Steve turned out the lights, locked his office, and hastily made his way to the apartment several blocks away.

The apartment served as a refuge for him. His wife and his private secretary were the only ones who knew its location and the unlisted telephone number. Thus during the few hours he spent there he was able to relax. He enjoyed the privacy of the small, well-



furnished retreat. Steve especially enjoyed the small balcony which opened onto a courtyard where he could smell the jasmine and lilacs in bloom. It was refreshing to lie there relaxing while he collected his thoughts, away from the noise and confusion of the office.

Steve wrapped a robe about his torso, turned out the lights, and opened the door to the balcony. Emerging, he lay down on the chaise and stared up at the starlit skies. He was pouring a bourbon and soda when he saw the light in another apartment whose balcony faced his, some distance away.

The editor, with his nose for news, trained over some 30-odd years in the business, recalled that the previous week, when he had sat in the same place, a nude youth, who could be no more than 16 or 17, had emerged and sat on the rail, sipping a drink, smoking a cigarette. Steve had not paid much attention to the incident. Now Steve was wide awake; he watched the light in the other apartment. Slowly the French doors opened and again the youth emerged naked. He looked about; seeing no one, he walked to the rail and perched on the narrow bar. The boy held a tall drink in his hand.

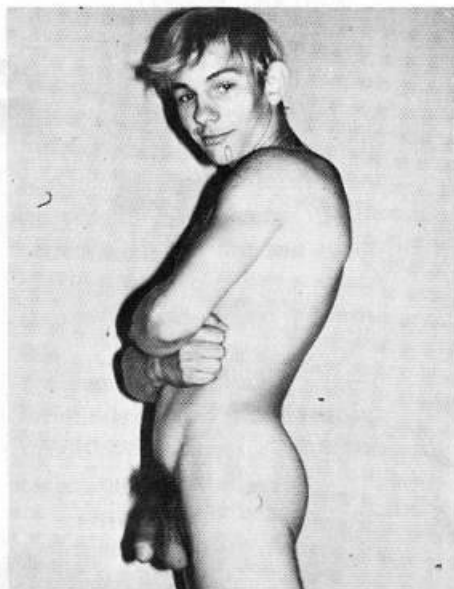
Steve quickly walked into his apartment, taking care not to be seen. He didn't light the lights.

The editor tried to recall where he had placed his binoculars. He kept them

here so they would be handy when he went to the horse-races. The races had been his avocation for a number of years.

Steve was pleased when he located the glasses. Quickly he returned to the balcony and lowered himself onto the chaise and remained still, wondering if he had been observed.

Finally satisfied that the youth was unaware of his presence, Steve lifted the



glasses to his eyes. He peered at the handsome features of the boy. Then he refocused the lenses and looked inside the open door of the apartment. Steve could hardly believe his eyes. Inside, lying on the bed, also nude, was a man in his early fifties.

Steve, with his Quaker background, was appalled by what he saw. His reporter's mind, faced with all the tell-tale signs of some



sort of orgy, played havoc with his imagination.

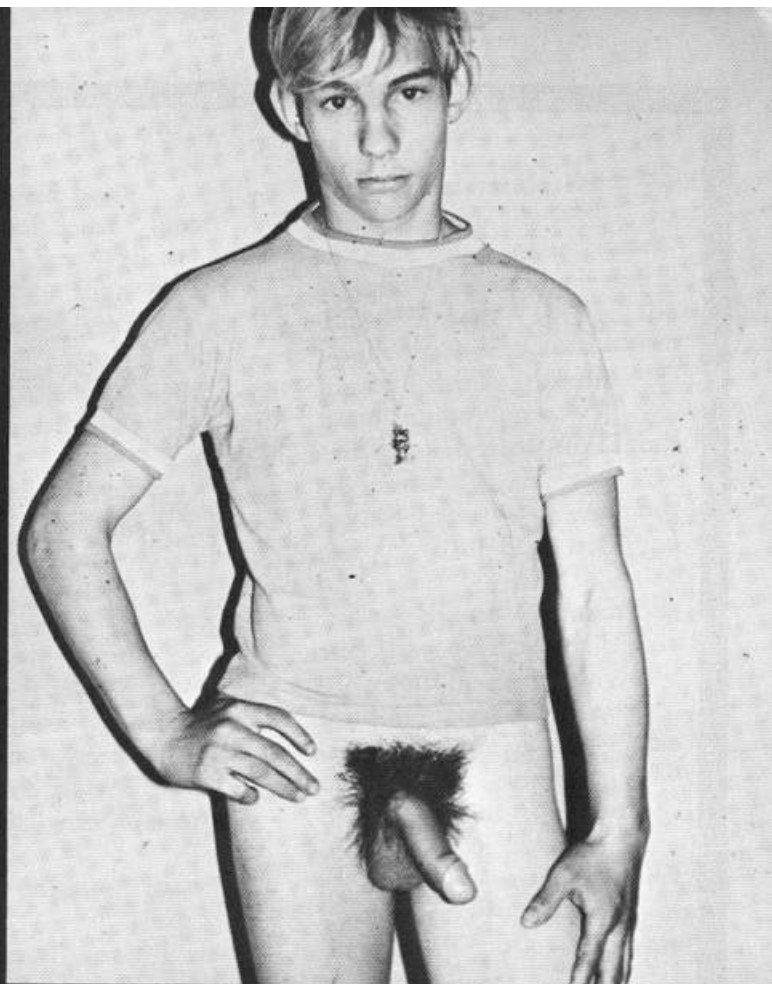
He watched the boy as he rose and returned to the room, shutting the door behind him.

The editor sat for nearly half an hour contemplating what could possibly be going on behind the closed doors of the apartment some distance away. Lying on the chaise with the field-glasses beside him, Steve frowned as he thought of the youth being violated by that man.

Then, with some disdain regarding the affair, Steve rose and went inside, shutting the doors behind him. He climbed into bed and dozed off.

Rick Mailey, the youth Steve had seen, sat in the apartment and watched a program on television. He had rather enjoyed the Friday night trysts in this Bourbon Street apartment.

The youth remembered the first time he had met "Charlie." Though he





knew that that wasn't the man's real name, he knew that he wasn't about to let Charlie know his real name, either!

Rick recalled that evening a month previous when he had been standing near the bus depot in Harvey, Louisiana, and this man had passed him, eyeing him up and down. After Charlie had passed, the youth immediately dismissed him from his thoughts. However, within a very few moments the man had reappeared, almost from out of nowhere, only to stop near the boy.

"Beautiful night, isn't it?" The man spoke softly, almost as if afraid someone else might hear him complimenting the weather.

"Yup," the youth had responded sullenly.

"Are you waiting for someone?" the man inquired, after a moment's hesitation.

"No . . . just killing time."

The man stared at the handsome boy, then, as if making up his mind, moved closer.

"I'm going for a ride," he said invitingly.

"I wish I could go for a ride . . ."

"Why not? Why don't you come with me? I'll bring you back any time you want," the man had responded quickly, seeing that no one was within earshot and wanting to get the preliminaries over with.

The youth had nodded

and followed his host.

Rick remembered that night so vividly. He recalled how the man had fondled his leg, then unzipped his fly as they whizzed along the darkened highway, toward New Orleans.

"What time do you have to be home?" the man had inquired as he removed his hand from within the youth's trousers. He had enjoyed feeling the smooth thigh of the boy.

"Any time—it don't make no difference." The youth seemed not to mind the intrusion into his privacy.

"Your parents don't care?"

"What good would it do them?" the boy replied laconically.

Charlie slipped his hand into the open fly again, then worked it into the jockey shorts. The warmth of the boy's smooth stomach, the stiff erect organ, excited the man as he ran his hand down.

"I have a friend who's in Europe and he gave me the key to his apartment," the man said as they neared the outskirts of New Orleans.

The boy did not say anything as the car made its way through the darkened streets, intermittently lighted by the neon signs of honky-tonks and cafes.

When the large black car pulled to a halt, the man climbed out, followed by Rick. The youth followed him up the narrow staircase

and waited while the man fumbled with the key.

Once they were inside, Charlie (as he had introduced himself) invited the youth to have a seat. Mixing two drinks, the man offered the boy one.

Rick accepted the drink nonchalantly: he was trying to show maturity, but the youthful face betrayed him.

They drank several drinks and then Charlie sat beside the youth his hand playfully fondling the boy's crotch. Clumsily, once more he opened the zipper of the boy's fly and Rick helped him undo the belt.

Charlie kissed the youth on the neck then pulled him back on the sofa to kiss his mouth.

Rick eased his trousers and shorts down so that his hips lay bare on the sofa.

As his fevered mouth touched the warm lips of the youth, Charlie forced the boy's mouth open with his tongue. His tongue pushed in, seeking that of the boy. His hands constantly worked, fondling, feeling, up and down the smooth thighs, across the small mound of a stomach, down over the stiff curly hairs of the pubic area, his hand gently massaging up and down. The youth's hips gyrated in the excitement. Charlie knew he had to have this boy.

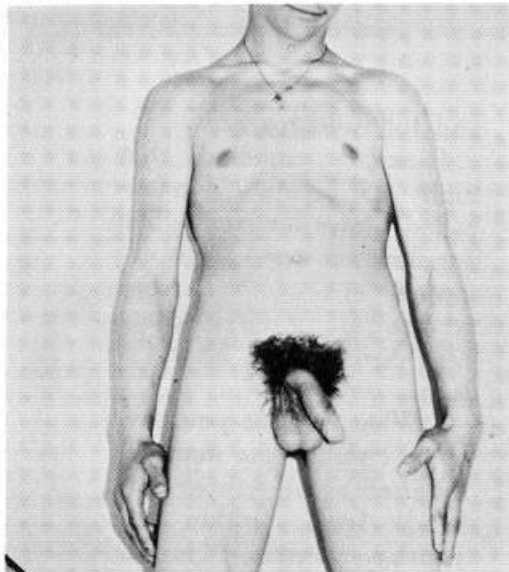
Mouth on mouth, they kissed in a fevered passion. Charlie undressed as quickly as he could, then moved his body down quickly to

touch the bare, warm body of the boy. Their bodies pressed together as one. Charlie thrilled as the youth's delicate hand ran up and down his back, stopping on his buttocks.

Charlie kissed the boy passionately. "I've got to have you," he whispered.

Rick raised his legs, wrapping them around the man's hips.

In the fevered excitement

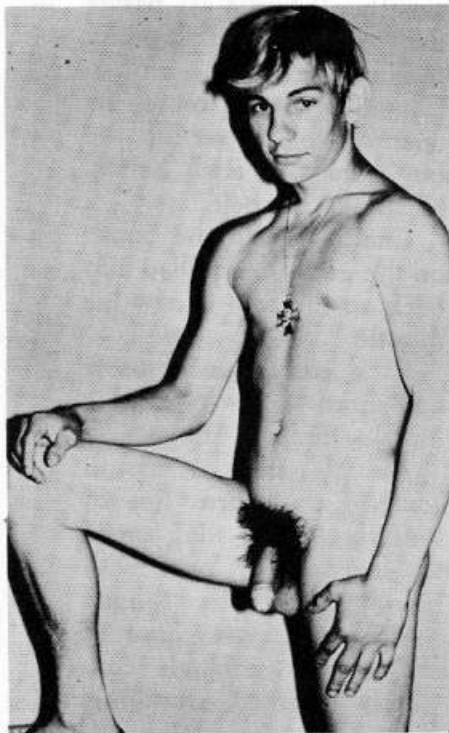


weight into him, quivering, working, thrusting, jabbing.

"Ohhhhhhh!" the youth moaned as he felt the penetration all the way up to his kidneys. Then all of a sudden he could feel the flood-tide as it spewed forth the love juice.

"My God . . . I'm coming . . . I'm coming . . ." Charlie moaned.

"Keep going, daddy—I love you! I love you!" Rick



hot he could no longer control himself.

"My God, you're killing me!" the youth screamed.

"I've got to hurt you—I want to hurt you," Charlie muttered as he worked in and out.

The youth was moaning now from the excruciating pain. "Take me—take me, daddy," he groaned.

The man was working faster now. He had to hurt this boy good—he just had to! Now Charlie was moving up, over the handsome youth, his toes digging into the sofa as he put his whole



that followed, Charlie pushed the boy's legs back as far as they would go, the youth holding his ankles.

"Take me," the boy murmured quietly, not wanting to be heard outside the room.

Charlie was on top of the boy like a man-animal, clawing, pushing, stabbing at the boy with his hardness. The excitement unnerved the man. He had gotten so



repeated over and over again.

Both men remained silent for a long while, when they knew it was over. At last, Charlie withdrew from the youth and lay down on the sofa, his eyes closed; he was completely spent.

Rick lay beside the man. He seemed to be a nice guy, he drove a beautiful, expensive car, and was extremely well dressed. He wondered if the man would vol-

unteer to give him some money. The youth did not want to ask him for some, for he had a lot of pride. Somehow, in the back of his mind, he felt that if he asked the man for money he would appear cheap—almost a prostitute.

The youth watched the man as he lay asleep. Rick raised himself from the sofa and walked through the bedroom and out onto the balcony with the remainder of his drink. He remained out in the cool night air for a few moments, then returned to the room.

Now, a month later, Rick also thought of the other times he had met Charlie. Charlie had been kind to him. Each time they had spent the few hours together, Charlie had given the youth \$20.

The youth had promised to meet Charlie every Friday, which he had done faithfully these past 4 weeks. He planned on keeping to the same schedule, for he had a good thing going and wasn't about to upset the applecart now!

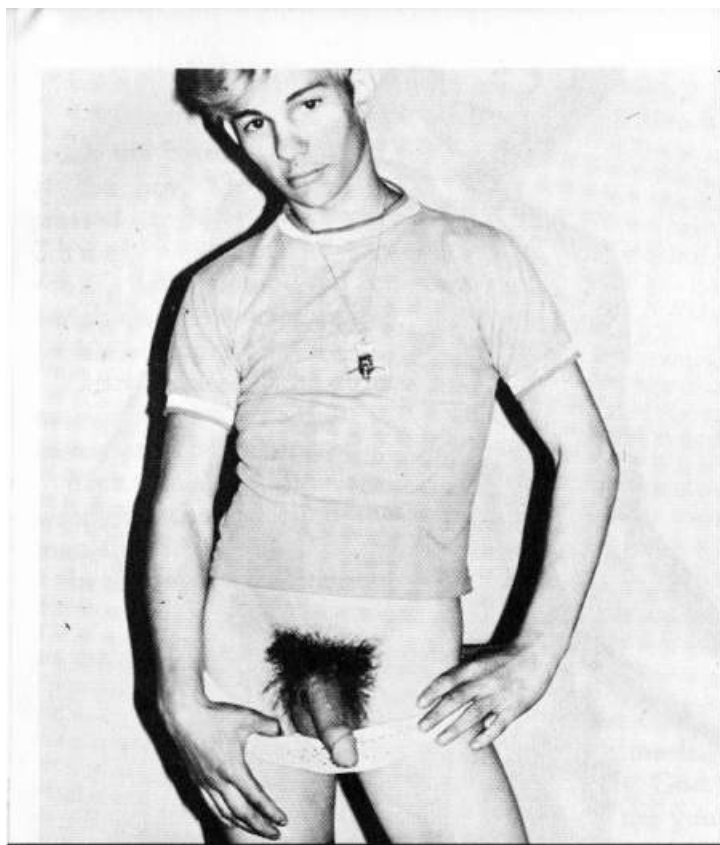
* * *

During the following week, Steve was so engrossed in his work that he completely forgot "l'affaire au naturel."

During this week Steve attended several political dinners. He was so determined to see that Jay Cronin was not elected that he attended everything that might benefit Cronin's opponent.

On one such occasion, Steve was seated beside the





chief of police. They had long been friends, but of late their paths had crossed only rarely, due to the fact that they moved in different circles now; thus it was a pleasant reunion for the two. They exchanged pleasantries, and engaged in small conversation regarding mutual acquaintances.

While the two men were in this animated talk, the occurrence on the balcony crossed the mind of the editor.

"I don't know what's going on" Steve hesitated as he began relating his experience. "But I have an apartment near Bourbon Street—I just keep it for the times I want to spend the night in town," he explained. He continued, "The last two Fridays I've stayed there and each time a naked youth came out on a nearby balcony. Last time I looked



into the apartment through my binoculars and there was a man, lying on the bed, nude; he looked to be in his fifties."

The police chief looked at him. "Sounds like a homo case—molesting, etc. Do you think if I sent one of my men from the vice squad up to your apartment Friday you could show him?" He appeared to be interested in the topic.

"I won't be in town," Steve responded apologetically, "but I'll give you a key and the address and you can send a man up there on Friday." He breathed hard a moment. "Things like that disturb me. It would be better that I not be there, anyway."

The two men exchanged glances, knowingly. "I hate queers, too," the police chief responded.

Steve wrote the address of the apartment on a piece

of paper and handed it with the key to the police chief.

The room was suddenly filled with applause as Alec Malroux entered. He was introduced as a candidate for Mayor of Amorpha and one of the guest speakers at this statewide convocation.

Alec Malroux spoke of cleaner politics, a better place to live in, and a fair chance for everyone to live and work in a utopia of harmony. Everyone applauded politely.

When the evening was over, Steve shook hands warmly with his friend, the police chief, and the milling crowd about him cheered him for the stand he was taking in his paper.

Steve went home and the following morning prepared for a jaunt to New York. He would be gone several days.

Prior to his departure, Steve picked up the telephone and called the chief of police. He was glad to find him in. He wanted to repeat his instructions to the man. As they completed their conversation, Steve asked the chief to call him in New York if there was any problem that needed his attention.

Steve kissed his wife goodbye and headed for the airport.

At the air terminal, Steve called his office to leave last-minute instructions for his assistant, then rang his secretary to get any messages that might have come in since his last call to her. He heard them call his flight number over the loudspeaker. Quickly hanging up the

instrument, Steve picked up his bag and headed for Gate 11.

Steve enjoyed the stage show "Hello, Dolly!" on Friday night. He decided to stop in at Sardi's for a few drinks afterwards, then return to his hotel.

It was nearly 2 when he returned to the Statler. Fasting up to the desk, Steve asked for his key. The room clerk turned around, then returned with the key and a note. Steve eyed the paper. It was a message from the chief of police at home—a request to call him immediately, regardless of the hour.

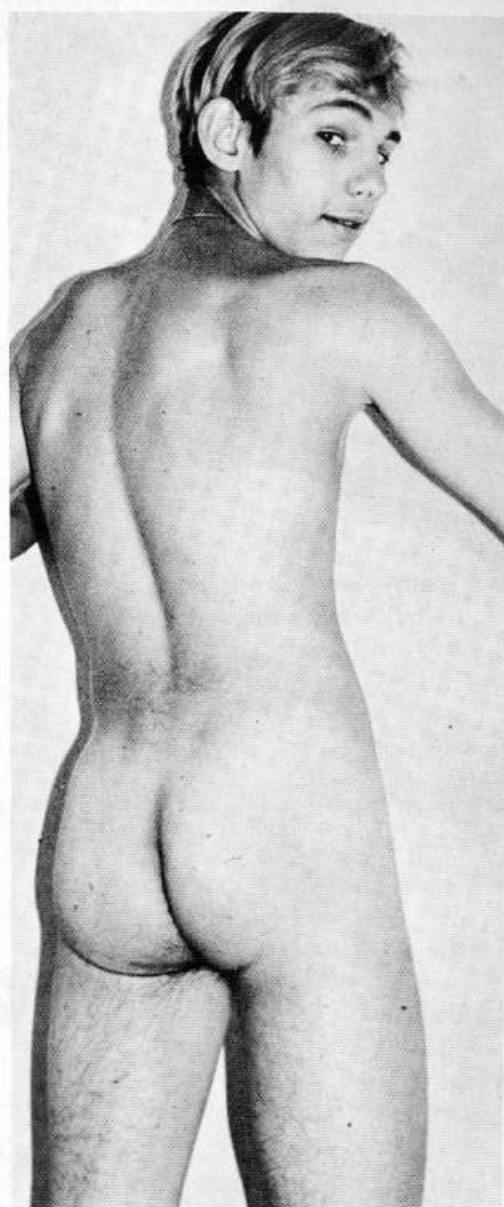
Steve hurried upstairs. When he was in the privacy of his room, he lifted the phone and directed the operator to place the call.

Within a few moments his telephone rang; it was the operator informing him that she had the police chief on the line.

"Hello, Steve?" The officer's voice sounded grave.

"Hello, Sy—what's up? Something go wrong?"

"Hell, yes; the worst!" The officer continued, almost as if reluctant to talk, "We staked out a couple of my men in your apartment and they spied through your binoculars. Well, it was just as we thought. We saw them going at it—caught them in the act! Well, we had a couple of our plainclothesmen climb the balcony and they went in the open door and caught them. They opened the front door so the rest of our men could enter. Well, the kid was only 15"



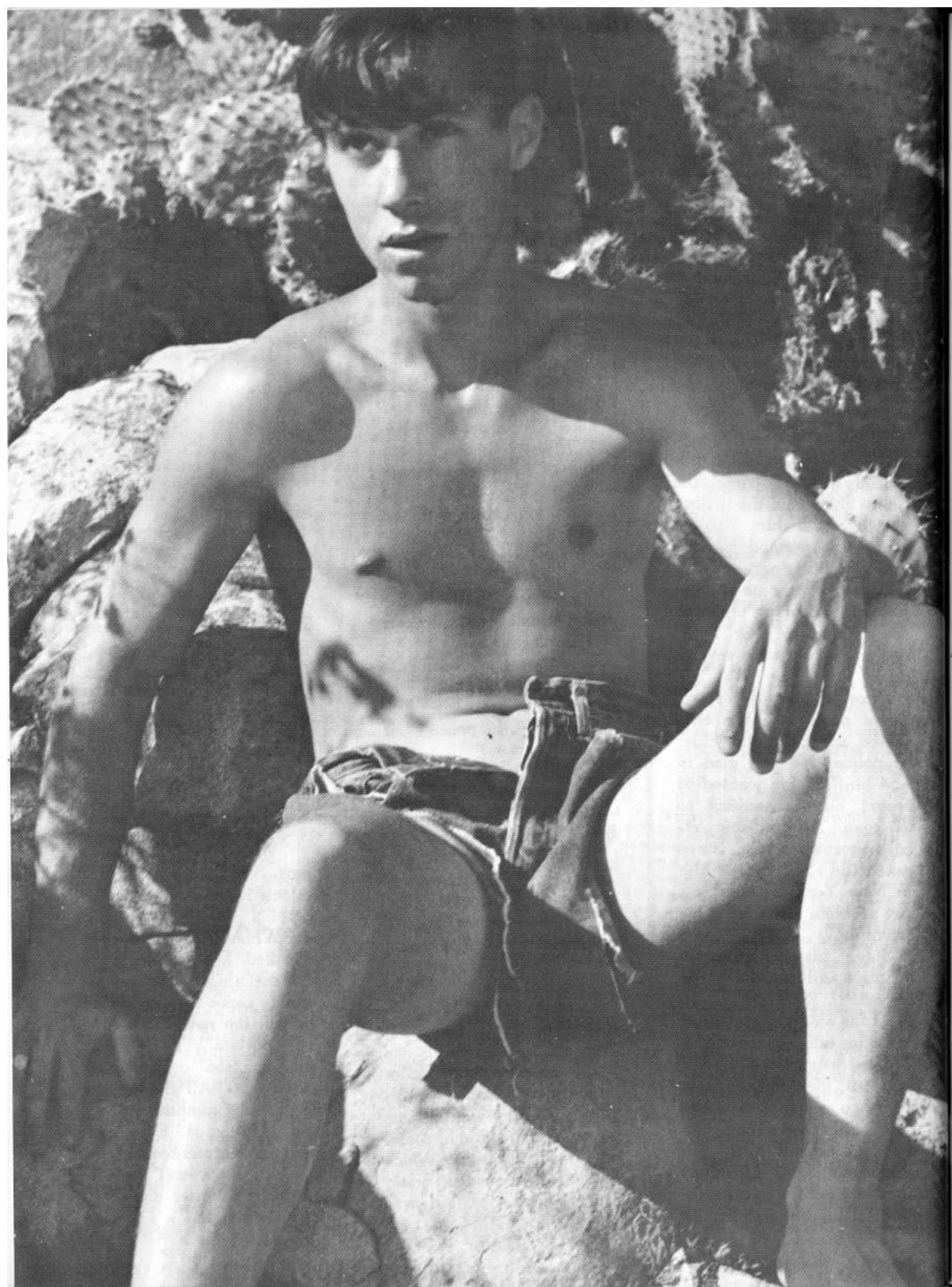
"Well, now the worst part, Steve. That man was Alec Malroux! Our candidate!"

"WHAT?" Steve was appalled. Then suddenly the full meaning of the turn of events came to him. "Can we kill the news?"

"Too late." The chief

"Too late." The chief hesitated. "All the papers suspected something was up and followed us. Every paper was represented."

"Alec Malroux!" Steve muttered in utter disbelief. "Alec Malroux!"



THE DAY LONNIE DIED

Charlie wept on the day that Lonnie died. Everyone around wondered why Charlie should weep. I knew it was for good cause and my heart wept for Charlie, for in his blackest moment he had told me the whole story, right from the beginning. As I said before, Charlie had good cause to weep.

The real beginning of this story goes back to a replacement depot a few miles outside of Naples, Italy, in 1944.

Lonnie was an infantry private who had just arrived fresh from the United States. Though he was only 17, he was anxious to see action, but by the same token he was a scared recruit.

The young soldier was to remain here until an infantry replacement was needed; then he would be sent to fill the shoes of some casualty. The thought and knowledge of this was what frightened him most.

It was at this replacement depot that the relationship between Lonnie and Charlie first began. Charlie was at the same base for the same reason, only he had already been a casualty and was at the replacement depot

awaiting return to his organization.

While they were at mess one day, Charlie saw the young recruit. It was hard to believe that Lonnie was even 17. His stature and elfin face immediately led one to believe that he was actually a little boy wearing his father's uniform.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Charlie inquired gruffly. "Are you trying to get into this dirty war?"

The youth had become accustomed to the jibes of others. "I didn't want to come here, but this is where they sent me," he responded sullenly, chewing on the cold rations.

"Did you come in on that ship yesterday?" Charlie knew it was a ridiculous question, for it seemed today that everybody had come in on that ship yesterday; the "repple depple," as it was commonly referred to, was suddenly crowded.

"Yes—and was I glad to see land! We were at sea 13 days."

Charlie nodded in sympathy. "Well, kid, don't think it's a picnic up there. I've already been up there

and got my holes—sometimes it's worse than Hell."

"So I've heard," the youth responded. He seemed to be truly concerned, but he had already committed his fate to the gods.

The two drank the chlorinated water and continued eating.

"What happened to you?" the youth inquired after a brief pause—a pause during which he was not sure whether or not to question his newfound friend about his wound.

"Shrapnel—I got a bit of it in my leg and my shoulder. It's all healed up now and I'm fit to pull a God-damned trigger again."

Late that afternoon the large group of men about the bulletin board peered over the sea of shoulders, reading the freshly typed orders which had just been posted. The orders that would send some of the men to their deaths.

Lonnie, excited that many of the men were already assigned to their units, moved up close, peering over the shoulders of some of the taller men, and

scanned the sheets for his name. At first he was relieved that he didn't find his name, but, upon closer scrutiny, he discovered that it was there. He read and reread the orders and was finally relieved to learn that he was being assigned to Charlie's company.

The two helped each other load their gear onto the 2½-ton truck, and as they rode for the next several hours, they became fast friends.

Lonnie was glad that he had met Charlie, for this man could guide him and help him. He knew he was so green that the first mistake could be a fatal one. Thus he listened intently to everything the older man told him. He enjoyed listening to Charlie speak, and the older man was pleased at the attention the boy showered on him.

Late that evening the truck pulled up to the side of the road and the men dismounted. They had reached their unit. The unit was in the rest area, so they were able to rejoin it and meet the other members of the company. Charlie busily introduced Lonnie around, but he took greater interest in relating his experiences in the hospital, proudly displaying his wounds for the other men's benefit.

"Did you get your Purple Heart yet?"

"No, not yet," Charlie responded.

Word was around that they would return to the front the following morning to relieve one of the other outfits, which had been up front for several days. Lonnie was visibly frightened when he heard that the day had arrived. He wondered what his reaction to combat would be.

The next morning, while it was still dark, the men were assembled to move up. Lonnie shivered in the dank air. Charlie, sensing his nervousness, teased him and carried on an idle conversation.

The first full day in combat proved to be less than spectacular. The war was almost at a standstill in Italy, so that Lonnie's baptism under fire was not as frightening as he had anticipated. He stayed close to Charlie, and thus his mentor was able to watch over him.

In 5 weeks of combat, Lonnie had learned much. His friendship with Charlie did not wane. To the contrary, the two had become almost inseparable. The youth clung to his buddy as an infant clings to its blanket for security. It wasn't so much with a sense of idolization as with a feeling of adoration.

When the unit moved back to the rear, they were greatly relieved to learn that they were going farther back, for rest and rehabilitation. Everyone was happy, for they finally could

get leaves and furloughs.

Charlie suggested to Lonnie that when they reached the rest area they immediately put in for 5 days' furlough so they could visit Rome together. The youth was happy at the suggestion, for it would please him beyond expectation if they could go on leave together.

Both fellows were happy when they finally received word that their requests had been granted. Packing barracks bags, they reported to the orderly room (a large tent that served the purpose), received their papers, and, with a spirit of carefree abandon, tossed their bags onto the truck that was to take a group of men to Rome.

The men sang as they headed toward the open city, shouting at the women as they passed.

Entering the Eternal City, the truck made its way to the Mussolini Stadium, where the men could stay free of charge—or they could check into one of the hotels, if there was a vacancy.

Charlie and Lonnie struck out on their own, leaving their bags at the stadium for safekeeping. They were determined to get away from the regimented life, the war, and anything that reminded them of the service—if such were possible!

The city fascinated both of them, for there was so much they recognized, as



though they had been there before. They had seen it in pictures all their lives, and now here it was, before their very eyes!

The two went into restaurants to eat, drank in bars, and visited the parks where children were gathered watching puppet shows.

Hopping streetcars, they visited the Vatican and some other points of interest, but the main thing they wanted to find was a hotel, so they wouldn't have to stay at the stadium with the thousands of other GI's.

It was early evening when they located a room in a small hotel, the Villa Duce. Registering and paying for the entire week, they examined the room, then hurried back to the stadium to retrieve their belongings.

They hired a cab to take them back to the hotel, where they showered in the only bathroom, which was available for the use of all the guests.

The youths changed into fresh clothing and went out to celebrate for the evening.

Charlie told his friend that he had heard a lot about the Kit Kat Klub—there were a lot of broads there. Inquiring of several fellows they met, they finally received instructions on how to get to the club.

The Kit Kat Klub was crowded with GI's and women, all singing and dancing. A small orchestra

on the platform was blaring out a honky-tonk version of "Pistol-Packin' Mama," with a contralto with a throaty voice mouthing the words *all'italiana*.

Charlie ordered two beers as they sat at a small table. The table was not large enough to lean on, just large enough for four glasses.

The waitress returned with the drinks and Charlie paid her. The noise was now getting almost out of hand, it was so raucous.

As the orchestra swung into "Pennsylvania 6-5000," the men began singing in a huge chorus of cacophony.

The youths ordered more drinks and joined in the chorus. The festival air was catching—everyone was in a gay mood. The two gave up the idea of trying to dance with any of the girls. It seemed that the girls were preoccupied with larger groups of men, and were busy hustling drinks in between.

It was 11 when they finally departed; the curfew forced the closing of the bars at this hour. Charlie and Ronnie walked the streets, strolling by the river, then returned to the hotel.

Lonnie was happy that he was with Charlie. The other man, though only 5 years older, gave him a sense of security. He enjoyed being with him.

Unlocking the door to their hotel room, they entered and Lonnie turned and locked the door, fixing the latch.

They sat for a long time in the darkened room with the window open, staring out on the Rome panorama.

The dome of St. Peter's in the distance with all the other familiar antiquities presented an air of awesome silence. They stared at the shadowed buildings. For a long while neither spoke.

"It sure is beautiful!" Charlie began. "Who'd think that a few miles north of here a dirty war is going on?"

Lonnie nodded his head, not speaking, for he was unwilling to break the mysterious silence that seemed to prevail.

Charlie finally raised himself wearily from the bed and pulled down the shade.

"Let's hit the sack," he said, turning on the light.

Lonnie did not protest. He began undressing. Hanging the clothes over the back of the chair, he stood in his shorts and undershirt. He walked to the basin and brushed his teeth—it was a luxury he could not always enjoy—then returned to the bed and climbed between the fresh white sheets.

"Ahhhhh . . . just like home!" he moaned, to the laughter of his roommate.

"Enjoy it," Charlie responded ruefully, "because next week you'll be sleeping in the mud."

Charlie climbed in beside the youth. He turned off the light and lit a cigarette.

Lonnie lay staring at the dark ceiling. He thought

of the past few months. He thought of Charlie—he was thankful he had met him. He wanted the relationship to last; he wanted to please him—make him happy.

The cigarette flamed in the darkness as Charlie took a deep puff.

The youth beside him lay still, his hands under his head.

"Are you asleep?" Charlie whispered.

"No—I can't sleep"

Charlie took another puff on his cigarette and then crushed it out in the ash-tray.

"I think I'll try and get some sleep. I couldn't get



any women, so I guess I'll have to just dream about them." Within a few moments he was snoring.

Lonnie lay thinking. He wondered if Charlie was dreaming about women, as he had wanted to. He knew that he adored him.

The youth was unable to sleep. Turning gently on his side, he felt his body lightly pressing against Charlie's sleeping form. The man did not move. Lonnie remained motionless, fearing lest he awaken Charlie. When he was confident that the man was still asleep he gently placed his arm around the relaxed form, resting it on the stomach, pretending he was asleep and didn't know what he was doing. The

sleeping form did not move away.

Lonnie opened his hand slightly; his fingertip touched the throbbing erection of his sleeping bed partner.

"He's dreaming of a woman," the youth thought to himself. His hand moved down and closed a fist around the hardness.

Slowly, Charlie reacted, his hips moving up and down, though he still snored.

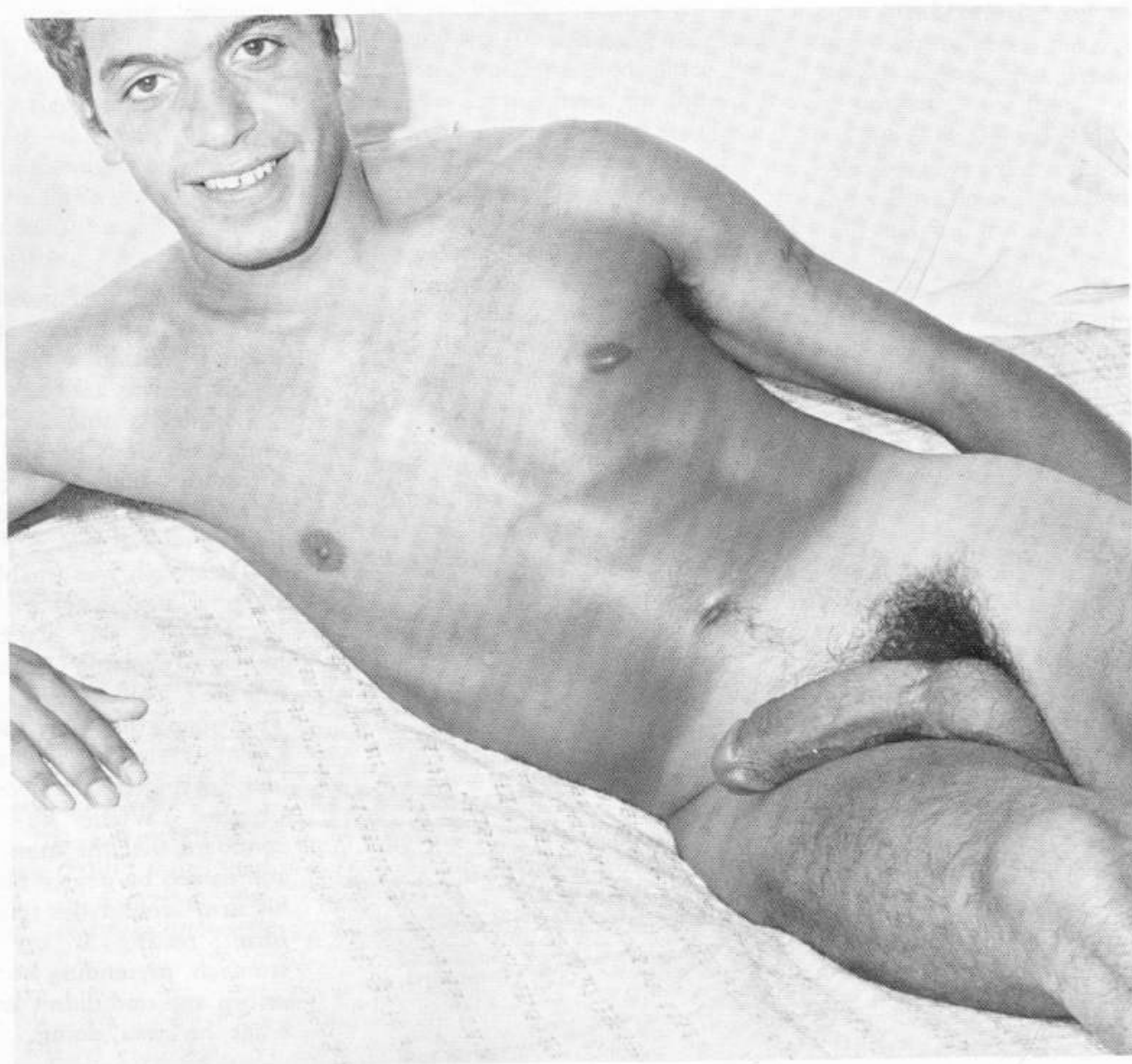
Lonnie closed his fist tighter and began moving

it up and down in rhythm with the gyrating motions of the man's hips.

Slowly, Lonnie unbuttoned Charlie's shorts and pulled them open. The youth eased down on the bed gently, so as not to wake up his mate. He moved his head and his lips touched the hotness. Gently, he kissed it. He was nervous now, wondering if he should go through with the act. He wondered what Charlie would think of him—then he knew the answer. He knew he would

please Charlie and the man would love him.

His damp warm tongue slid up and down, then he moved so that his lips pushed down; the man's hips began working in earnest now, up and down. Within a few moments, Charlie was climbing on him so that he was lying under the man—and the man no longer was asleep, he was moving his hips violently, pushing himself into the boy's mouth. Pushing, shoving, the man worked his hips, seeking the





relief he had long yearned for.

"Take it all!" he whispered. Then he quickly withdrew.

"Take your shorts off," he commanded in a husky voice.

The youth did as he was ordered.

"Now lay on the bed, on your stomach." Charlie was panting as he spoke.

When the boy had done as he had been commanded, Charlie was on top of him like an animal, shoving into the youth.

"I'm going to hurt you—but I want to take you," Charlie whispered as he pushed with his hips.

The pain was almost too much for Lonnie but he dared not cry out, for he knew this was his doing and he wanted to please Charlie. The youth raised his hips to show his companion a good time. Charlie worked his hips violently, pushing, shoving, ramming, cramming. He had to come! He wanted to come! He wanted to hurt this boy!

Charlie could feel the hot flashes at the climax as it shot from him. Digging his toes into the mattress, he pinioned the boy. "Ohhhh . . . you're such a good lay" he moaned, as he came.

It was over, and Charlie slowly withdrew. Lying on the bed, he lit another cigarette.

"Kid" he began, breaking the silence.

Lonnie knew what was coming—he'd be accused of

being a faggot and that would be the end of the friendship. He knew he would die if this was so.

"Did you ever screw a girl?" Charlie asked.

Lonnie waited a long while. He knew he couldn't lie.

"No, Charlie, I haven't."

"I thought so. You know, you're a good lay—almost as good as a girl."

The youth was flattered.

"One night this week I'm going to take you to a whorehouse and you're going to get laid."

Lonnie was happy; this was not the attitude he had expected.

"Yes, kid, I'm going to get you laid and I'm going to make a man of you."

"It's all right with me, Charlie . . . but I'll bet I'll be scared."

"Hell, there's nothing to it—then you'll enjoy it and do it on your own."

Lonnie was happy when he finally fell asleep.

The week passed quickly. They repeated the act several times, each time Lonnie pleasing Charlie more.

Finally, on Friday night, Charlie took Lonnie to the whorehouse. He explained to the madam about Lonnie. The old woman smiled and took the youth down to a room where she had one of the youngest prostitutes. She was 12.

Lonnie explained in detail to his buddy what had transpired in the room.

Charlie repeatedly inquired whether he had liked it or not.

The youth assured him he had, and both decided that as soon as they were able they would return to Rome and pick up broads. Lonnie felt almost like an equal now—he had finally done a "man act" that matured him.

Charlie felt compassion for the youth. He felt that he was doing him a service. But more than that, he wanted to tell everyone back at camp that they had been to a whorehouse and had gotten laid. He didn't want to kid about it . . . but, on the other hand, he didn't want it thought that he was hanging around with a faggot, which could later reflect on him.

No sooner had the youths returned to their detachment than they were dispatched to the front where additional reinforcements were needed immediately.

They had been up front the whole night before Charlie realized he had not seen Lonnie during all that time. He remembered where he had last seen him: near the side of the road, digging in.

At daybreak, during heavy gunfire, Charlie crawled back to where Lonnie had been. The youth was lying in the mud, crying. He had been hit several hours before. There was blood on his jacket and on his pants. He had been shot in the chest and thigh. He told Charlie that he had tried to crawl out and make his way forward to where Charlie was but had been hit, then rolled back into the



ditch where Charlie found him.

The older man dragged the youth with him, crawling, moving as quickly as he could toward the battalion aid station. When he had him safely in the hands of the medics, Charlie returned to where he had been entrenched.

It was a full week before Charlie was relieved and returned to a rest area. He was determined he would find out at which evacuation hospital Lonnie was being treated so he could visit him. But he didn't have to hunt for him. Charlie was called to the orderly tent.

The first sergeant dispatched Charlie in a hospital jeep that had been sent for him. Charlie was briefed on the way. He was told that gangrene had set in in the wounded leg; the leg had been amputated at the hip, but now they had discovered that they had not arrested it—it had gone beyond. There was no hope and the youth would die in a matter of hours. Lonnie was calling for Charlie.

Charlie eyed the men, disabled and maimed, sympathetically. He was escorted to where Lonnie lay.

"Hi, kid," he whispered as he put his hand on the

boy's pale one.

"Charlie!" The boy was obviously happy.

"You're lucky! You're out of the war now—"

"Like hell! I wish I was back there with you."

"Well, let's see . . . if you hurry and get better we can go back to Rome and go to that whorehouse."

Lonnie grinned happily, though he was in excruciating pain.

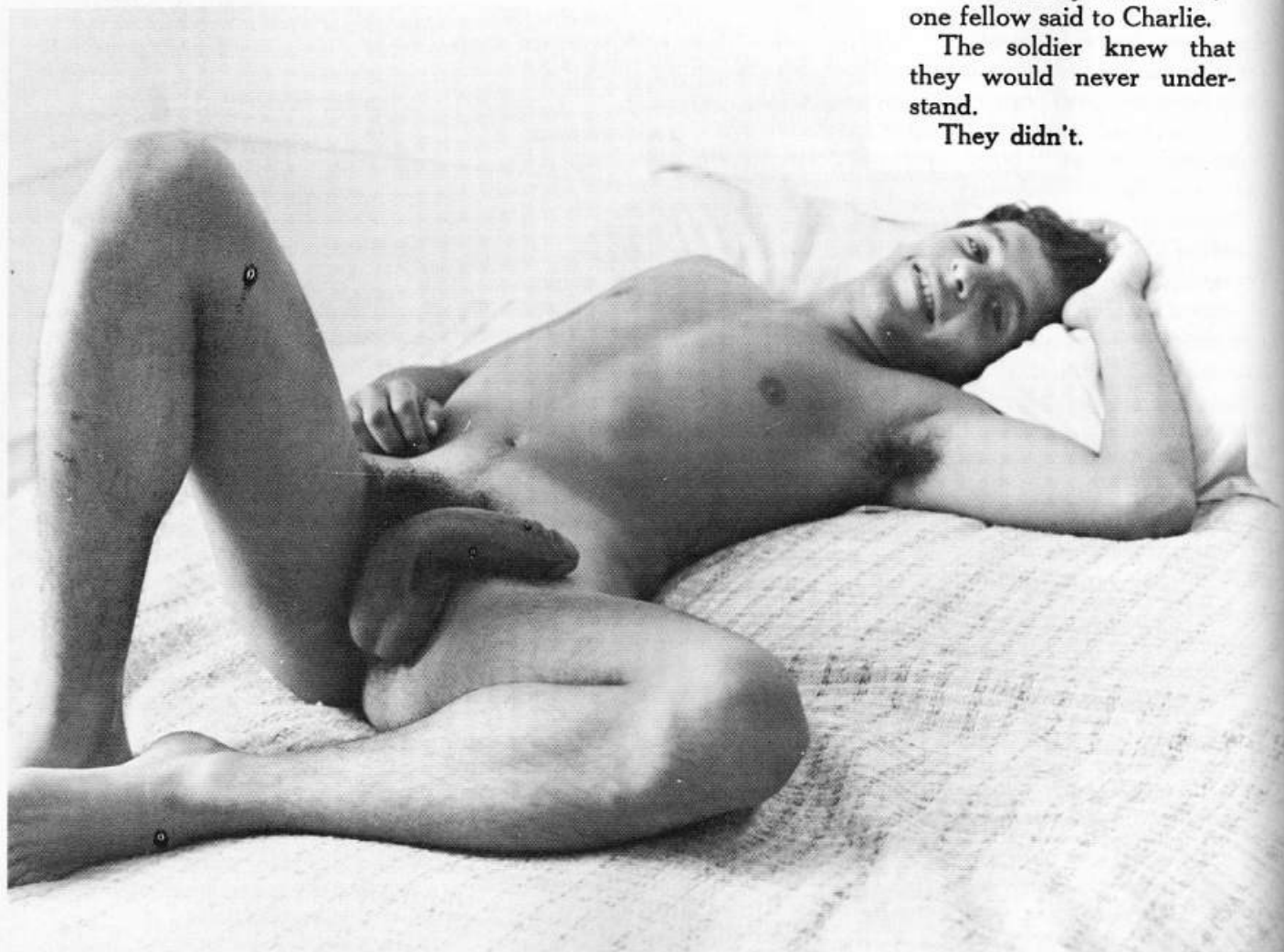
They talked for a while. Charlie gave his friend the only candy bar he had; it was a luxury.

By morning Lonnie was dead. Charlie had returned to his unit. When he received word he wept openly.

"You hardly knew him," one fellow said to Charlie.

The soldier knew that they would never understand.

They didn't.



THE BAR HUSTLERS

Bar hustlers; in Homosexual Bars

There are almost as many subcategories in this area of male prostitution as there were in the "street hustler" category. Many of the differences apply just as well here. Thus this section need not spell out these differences, e.g., of intelligence, denial of homosexuality as an enticement to customers, pseudomascularity, etc.

Major differences between street and bar hustling do exist, however, and these will be presented here. In general, the bar hustler has a somewhat higher status in the homosexual community. The bar hustler is older. The bar hustler usually has only one customer per evening. He usually makes more money per customer. He is more frequently expected to go someplace, e.g., a hotel, with the customer, and he is frequently expected to spend a longer time with the customer. Also he is expected to engage in more than passive fellatio. He may also be expected to engage in conversation with the customer and pretend to like the customer. Clients are often kept for a time. Perhaps the most salient difference between the two types is that the bar hustler does not have to be as "masculine," and it often pays him to state that he is a homosexual or at least well trained in homosexual behavior.

There are, though, the masculine types who hustle in bars, and these will be discussed first. They are often transients, as described by Rechy (1959):

... their husbands being the masculine vagrants — 'fruit hustlers' — fleetingly sharing the queens' pads — never considering they're involved with another man (the queen), as long as the hustler goes only with queens — and with fruits only for scoring (which is making or taking sex-money, getting a meal, making a pad) *he is himself not considered queer.*

(Reiss, 1961, p. 251).

Another type described by Ravin (1963) which probably best fits into this category is the lazy boy or the boy who believes that the only money worth making is made from illegitimate sources. They are often "quick and inventive," but blow their money immediately since they are oriented toward immediate pleasurable indulgences. They like the luxuries. It is improbable to assume that this type of crafty young man will work the streets, when there is much more money in the bars, where there is also a more gay and splendid life than in the parks.

Another type of bar hustler is the young, lower - middle - class, somewhat effeminate homosexual who is in need of some extra money.

... category consists of boys and young men who have full-time and respectable jobs of a more or less 'refined' nature, (hairdressers, shopwalkers, low-grade couturiers or interior decorators) who are not above improving their incomes by an occasional evening 'on the game' ... most often he is homosexual ... the money is for a fuller and more agreeable life — to which each assumes, without question, he is entitled.

(Ravin, 1963, p. 282).

It is very likely that this type of hustler has a "special friend" and/or group of friends at his favorite gay bar and does not want these friends to know that he is hustling, so he will operate out of other gay bars or straight bars. Rarely will an effeminate youth work on the street, since arrest is likely for hustling "queens."

Bar hustlers; in more or less "straight" bars or establishments

It is not well known among the lower class hustlers that the richest customers can usually be found in fancy hotel bars and entertainment lounges, at the opera, the theatre, art museums, and similar places. If it is known, it may not be possible for these hustlers to attend such events because of the financial outlay required, e.g., a nice suit, clean shirt, admission price, high price of drinks, drinking age, etc. Also the lower class hustler probably would not know how to behave himself properly at such an event. He would be thrown out if he "cruised" in the same manner he uses while posing next to the window of a dirty book shop. Also, unless he is educated, the hustler would be at a loss to have a meaningful discussion with a prospective customer.

Masculinity is not an important requirement for hustling in high class bars. It might even be a hindrance. More important are the social graces, sophistication, the gift of gab, style, fashion, and physical beauty (not pseudomascularity or muscles). It is easy to understand why the homosexual community would, although not openly condoning such activity, give more status to such a prostitute than to the street hustler. These are precisely the attributes that are necessary to make it in the most elite homosexual in-groups, which admire class and style more than either extreme masculinity or femininity.

There are certain "types" which fit this type of hustler perfectly. They would include, for instance, the graduate fine arts student, the dancer with the opera, an actor in town for the run of a show, a young writer, someone in interior design school, etc. If not in one of

these or a similar profession or school, the young hustler would be wise to create such a role.

This type of higher-class prostitution is much rarer than street walking. It takes a lot more from the hustler and from the customer. Quite often, probably, the young man does not attend these functions with the express idea of hustling. But to get a customer he must know the techniques of cruising — both the roles of the youth and the man. Many straight young men get propositioned and do not know that they have been propositioned. The reverse is not so true, i.e., hustlers can recognize homosexuals and rarely make mistakes. They may be mistaken that a homosexual is or is not a prospective customer, but not that he is homosexual. Eye contact is the primary non-verbal cue.

The risks involved are somewhat greater than cruising in a homosexual bar, although there, there is the remote risk of an agent of the vice squad being in plainclothes. The risks are much less than this type of "cultured" youth's walking the streets, for various reasons. The police are more likely to pick up the more effeminate hustler. Customers on the street don't go after this type. The higher-class youth usually has a respectable job and cannot afford to lose it in a scandal. Just as it is safer for the delinquent to keep on the streets ("where he belongs"), it is safer for the sophisticated to keep to the high-class establishments ("where he belongs").

The high-class hustler is usually after one of two things: a high fee, nowadays somewhere between \$50 and \$100, or he is looking for a keeper or patron. The latter will be discussed below under "Kept Boys."

The primary goal of most bar hustlers is to get the "John" to take him home.



The hustler who is going to make big money needs endurance and stamina.



"Satisfaction" is the most important ingredient of a successful encounter and each hustler does his best to please the client.





Behind closed doors, a boy may do things he would never tell his fellow hustlers about.



"Versatility" is the watchword of successful hustling. This may be the word passed on around to friends for future contacts



*To give satisfaction,
hustlers will assume any
number of positions or
combinations.*

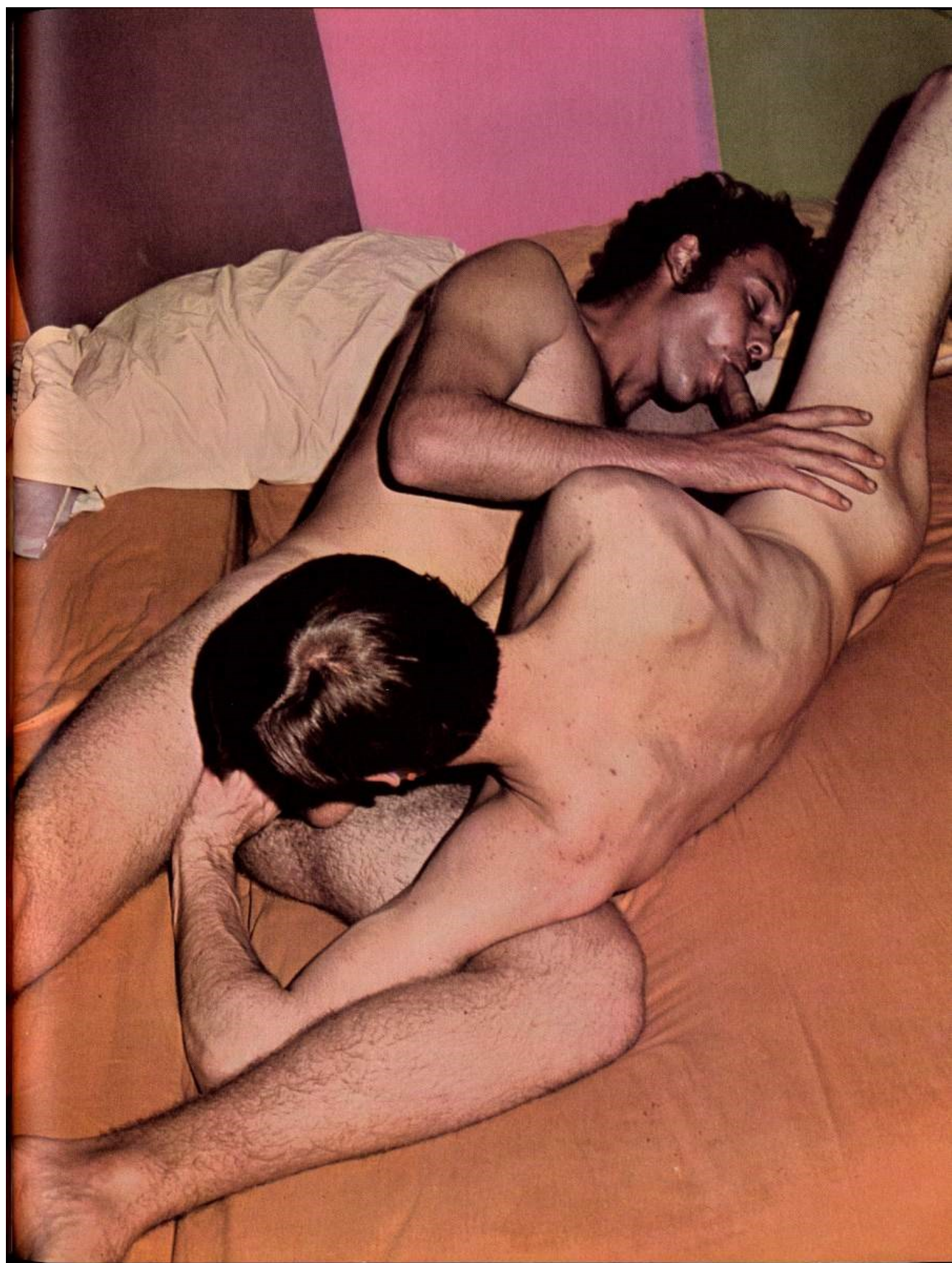
*The experienced boy will
have no problems of ad-
justment in any situa-
tion.*



*A well experienced boy
knows how to control his
timing to the split sec-
ond.*









THOSE INCORRIGIBLE BASTARDS



"THOSE INCORRIGIBLE BASTARDS"

Night shadows played hide-and-seek with the foliage of the trees, the hedges in the park; these, with the alien sounds of blowing gentle breezes, combined to make a grotesque atmosphere.

Upon first approaching the park one would assume that it was barren of humanity, but upon closer scrutiny one would see that men, singly, or in some cases in twos, walked in the shadows, or sat in the darkened areas in hushed conversation, with an air of expectancy.

Near its edge, on the side one would approach from the downtown area of Lennox, Florida, a group of six youths walked slowly toward Fisher Park. One of them stopped to light a cigarette. He was no more than 16, but the outline of his jaunty frame had al-

ready assumed the assured attitude of a man twice his age. But the mind within the mature body was that of a 16-year-old, with a burning desire to be a man.

Billy blew out the match and tossed it onto the sidewalk.

"Let's stop here and make sure we have our plan all set before we split up," he suggested in a tone of authority, but just above a whisper.

Billy was the natural leader of the group; the others, being slightly smaller than he, were followers. Billy knew how to handle them. He could make them do almost anything he wished.

Billy knew that he liked being the leader, for it was with them that he was a man. It was with these youths that he was able to express himself and show his strength, for at home his parents ruled with an iron hand. Only in this manner was he able to rebel

against them.

The boys were seated on the ground now. The heat of the day still had not given up to the evening breeze. The ground was still warm.

"Now," proceeded Billy, with his habitual air of command, "we'll disperse in different directions. We'll keep Mickey in sight all the time. He'll try and pick up a faggot; then when he does we'll all follow—not together, but away from each other. And when Mickey gets him away from the park, in that wooded area, then we'll all close in and beat up the motherfucker and take his wallet, and ring, watch, or anything else of value."

The others did not speak, but merely acknowledged the plan by a simple nod.

The youths sat silently smoking their cigarettes, staring at the cars speeding by, calmly aware of the violence that was about to take place, coolly anticipating

the excitement of it.

"Don't none of you lose me—I'd hate to get left alone with the fag by myself." It was the smallest of the group, Mickey, speaking, his elfin face wreathed in a serious frown.

"Don't you worry," Billy reassured him, making sure that he wasn't contemplating backing out now. Then suddenly, almost as an afterthought, Billy added, "When we're in the rumble, no noise, no yelling—we don't want to attract attention. Charlie, you can cover the fag's mouth—understand?"

Once more the group agreed by the simple nod.

When the last of the youths had finished putting out his cigarette, digging the stub into the grass, Mickey rose at Billy's command and walked slowly into the darkness, heading toward the path.

One by one the others rose and walked in different directions, always keeping the decoy in sight. Slowly they walked.

The only sounds to be heard above the rustling palms were an intermittent bell, or someone on one of the launches, anchored away from the shore.

Like cautious bucks suddenly aware that hunting season is on, they walked stealthily, anxiously avoiding each other but still watching carefully to make sure they didn't lose sight of each other.

Mickey turned around, wanting the reassurance of the presence of his buddies.

When he saw the dark figures behind him, almost blending with the trunks of the trees so that they were nearly invisible, he resumed the trek toward the benches near the water where the men usually sat silently, awaiting the arrival of an apparent prospect.

Once he was on the pavement, Mickey slowed his pace and walked along the shoreline. Farther down the way he saw a lone figure, a shadow of a man seated on a bench, smoking a cigarette. The lit end of the cigarette brightened momentarily as the man inhaled, then moved in an arc, down to the bench.

Mickey breathed hard as he slowly ambled toward the dark figure. As he passed, his eyes turned and he watched the man who was eyeing him. Within a moment the youth had passed the seated shadow, who had not said anything. The youth went on, listening: perhaps the man might follow him; but it did not happen.

Continuing along the shoreline, the youth could hear the water as it splashed against the stone wall. He recalled how he had loved the sound of the bay, during the many times he had come here in the afternoon to fish. But, now, in total darkness, the park had taken on a new meaning.

Mickey approached another figure before he had even seen it. The man was so perfectly camouflaged, blending with the clump of

bushes behind him, that his appearance, as he rose from the hidden bench, startled the boy.

"Do you have a match?" the man asked, politely.

Mickey was glad it was dark because he didn't want the man to see how pale from fright he was.

Almost automatically, Mickey reached into his pocket and withdrew a book of matches, silently handing it to the man.

As the stranger lit the match, he raised it to his cigarette and stared at the handsome youth in the glow of the light. Curly black hair framed a boyish face, set in a fixed smile.

Slowly he blew out the flame and handed the boy the package. "Thanks a lot." He added in a soft, friendly tone, "It certainly is a beautiful night, tonight." Then, without awaiting a response, he asked, "Just out for a stroll?" His voice lifted hopefully, wanting to engage the lad in conversation.

"Yes . . . nothing to do and a coupla hours to kill . . . and broke," Mickey drawled.

"Have a seat," the man invited, moving over so the youth could sit beside him.

The boy lowered himself to the seat and sprawled his legs before him. "I'm dead tired—I've been walking for hours," he lied.

"Don't you have a girl friend?" the man inquired, as though trying to steer the conversation towards sex.

"Sure, but I won't see her until Friday. She lives in Hollywood, and I can only see her on weekends."

"Too bad! I'll bet she shows you a good time."

"Pretty good" The youth wasn't about to confess too much to this stranger.

"Have you laid her?" The man was sitting forward.

"A couple of times," Mickey lied again, then trying to make up for the lie, hastily added, "But I haven't done it for a couple of months."

"You must be pretty horny by now."

Mickey mused a moment, thinking, "Yes, I guess so"

"Would you like to go back there in the woods? I'll relieve you," the man volunteered after a brief hesitation.

"Well . . ." the boy began, choosing his words, "I'll do it for money. You see, I'm broke; a couple of guys already asked me, but they wanted to do it for nothing—I need the money too much."

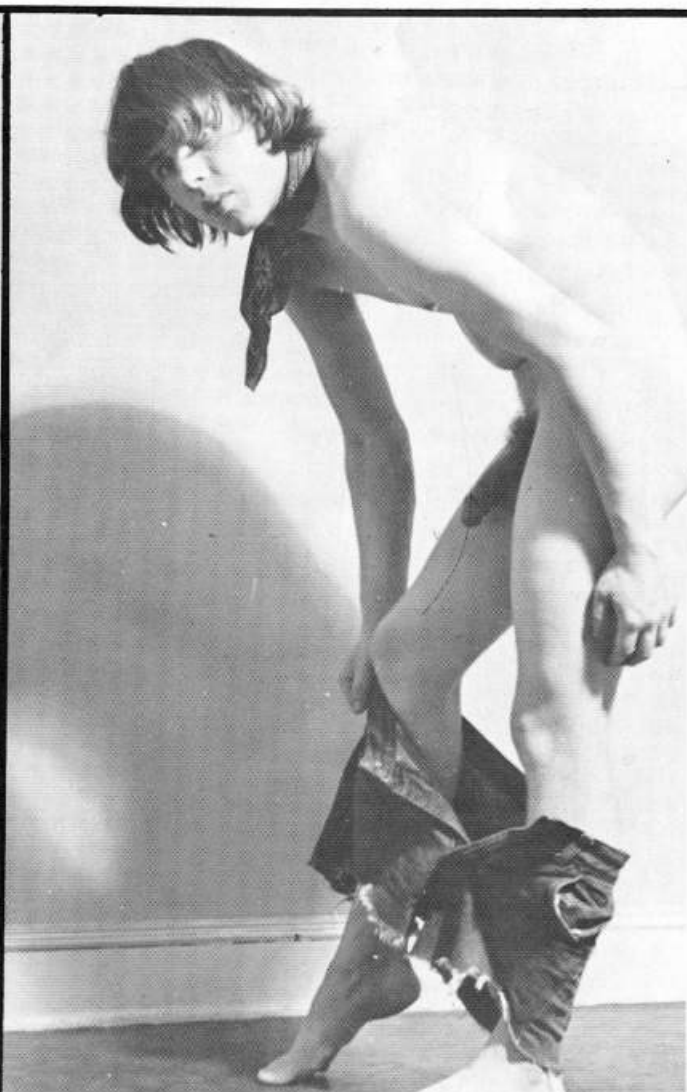
The man took a deep puff on his cigarette, the glow lighting up his face. "How much?" he inquired, finally.

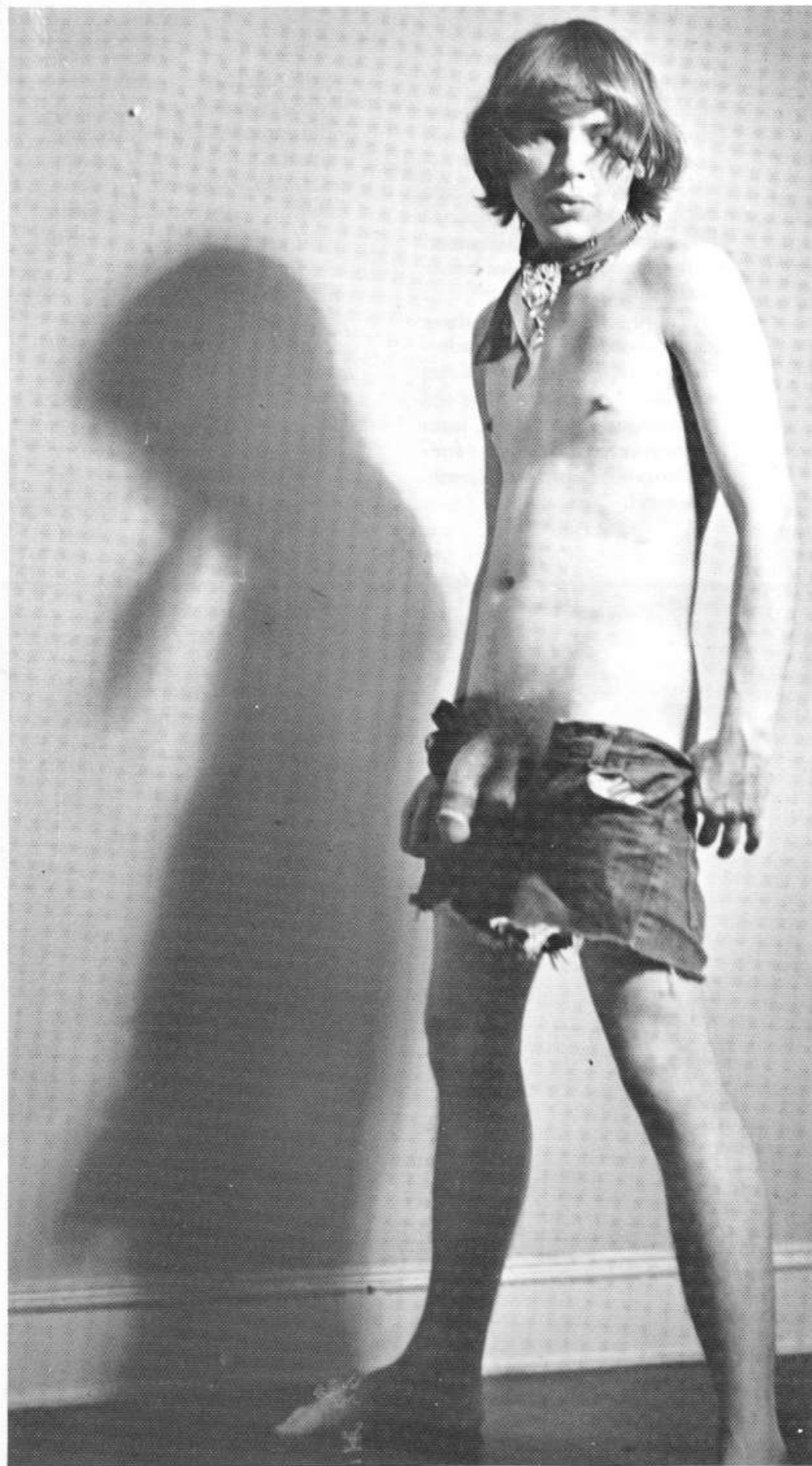
"Ten dollars."

The man sat silent for a few moments, then rose from the bench. "Let's go."

The man led the way as Mickey followed, almost running to keep up with him. Once he glanced over his shoulder, but could see no one. He hoped the others were nearby.

When they entered the thicket, the man led him in about 50 feet.





"This should be all right —no one will see us here," the man stated softly and anxiously.

Mickey leaned against a tree. He felt the man unzipping his fly; then he undid his belt and his trousers dropped down around his thighs. The man pulled the youth's jockey shorts over the narrow hips and began fondling the boy.

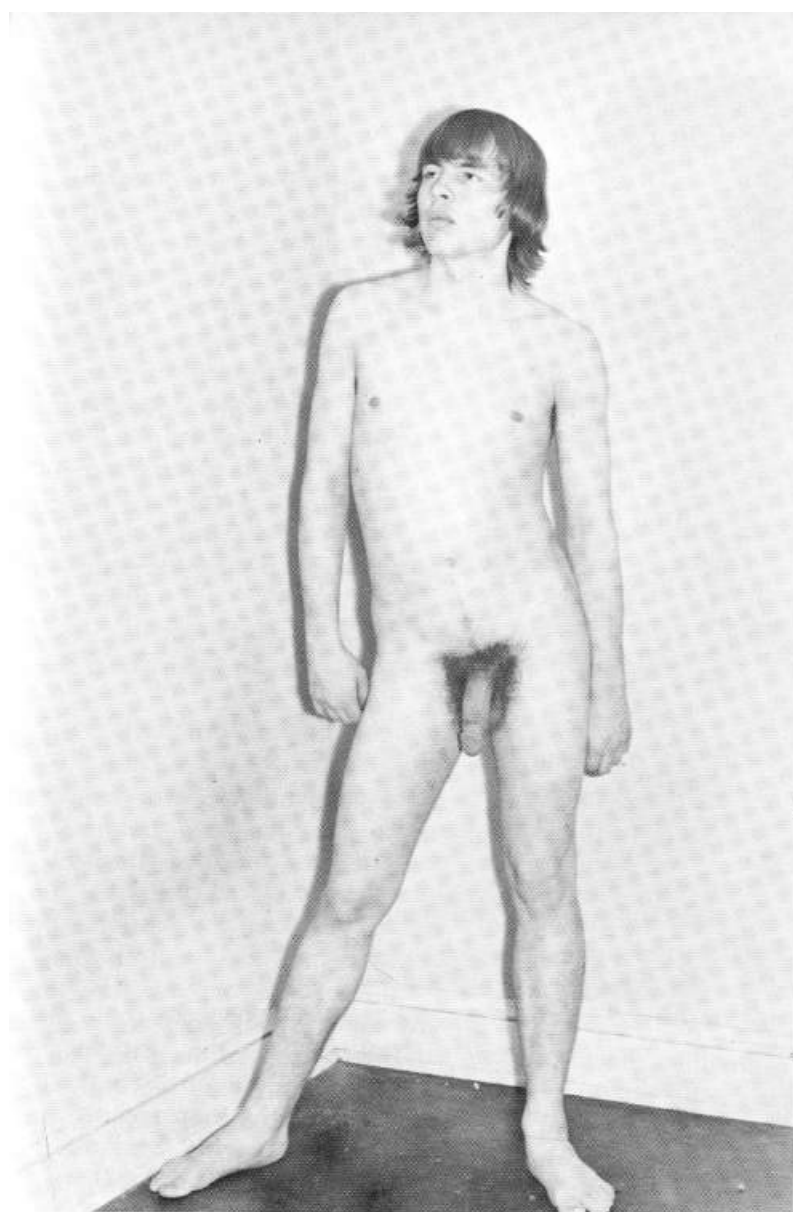
"Get it hard!" the man whispered.

Mickey did not respond, but continued staring straight ahead.

Then **WHOP!** A sound like bone hitting bone cut the silence. In a flash silent figures appeared from nowhere, striking blindly, **WHAM!** The sick sound of a moan as the man went down. Billy was on top of him, beating him unmercifully about the face while one of the others was kicking the prostrate figure in the ribs with a long, pointed shoe. A loud crack reverberated as the youth felt the ribs concave with the blow. A sickening cry came from the figure, which lapsed into unconsciousness as Billy rifled the pockets, handing some items to one, some to another.

Within a few moments it was all over. The dark figures dispersed in different directions, running stealthily toward the broad avenue.

Billy saw a bus approaching; he ran toward the bus stop and waited. The vehicle drew up slowly and stopped. The youth climbed aboard and moved





to the rear of the bus, where he could be alone and no one would see the slight cuts on his fists.

It was a full hour and a half before the group re-assembled at "Pop's," the small variety store they had selected as their rendezvous.

Excitedly, the boys recounted the happening in detail, laughing at their success. The man was a tourist and had nearly \$150 on him. They split the take evenly, Billy giving the man's watch to Mickey as a trophy, a memento of the good job he had done.

The youths split up, after promising to meet the following evening.

The following morning Billy scanned the newspaper, anxious to see what would appear about the attack in the park. He found nothing. It suddenly dawned on him that it had happened too late to appear in the morning papers; he would have to wait for the afternoon edition to come out.

During the day the youth listened to the radio, but there was no mention of it.

It wasn't until late in the afternoon that Billy found any mention of the episode.

The boys met at "Pop's" again, and one of the fellows bought the late edition of the afternoon paper. They gathered in a huddle to read the account of the robbery.

Billy read the article again, mulling over the part saying that the man was in the hospital with broken ribs, in serious condition.

"We'll have to stay away from that park—it's as hot as a firecracker," he whispered to the others, though he knew that "Pop," who was half deaf, wouldn't be able to hear them speaking.

Later that evening the youths walked over to the bowling alley, where they bowled several games. When they emerged once more into the darkness, Billy led them over to the edge of the parking lot.

"Whaddya say, fellas—yuh with me?"

The others nodded enthusiastically. He looked at the group proudly; he was totally in command.

"All right" He mused, reviewing his strategy, "We can't go downtown—we're liable to be recognized, or stopped. What we must do now is go to another town. I know what!" he continued, as the thought occurred to him. "Let's go to Hialeah; we're not known there."

The other boys agreed enthusiastically, admiring their leader's calculating mind.

"If we all go in different directions once we get there"

The youths climbed into Lenny's car, which he had borrowed from his parents. Lenny had advised Billy that he would park the car about a block away from Hialeah, outside the city, and they could meet there afterwards. It was best that they did not arouse any suspicion in Hialeah itself.

Billy sat in front with Lenny and Mickey. Quietly they proceeded toward Miami, then Hialeah, following the signs as they neared the destination.

Proceeding along 79th Street, Lenny pulled to the curb at a drive-in restaurant.

"Let's have a bite to eat here," Billy said. "We'll leave the car here, and we'll all meet here later. Each of you can go alone, or, if you want to team up with someone else, you can, but don't come back without something—make sure it's worth something."

Silently the members of the gang agreed. They ordered fried chicken and thick shakes and quietly

listened to the music blaring out of the loudspeaker.

Several cars of girls were parked nearby, distracting the youths' attention. Billy called over to them, teasing. One of the girls glanced over at them and smiled. The boys were all laughing now, pleased that they had attracted the attention of the opposite sex.

With a few catcalls and caustic remarks, Billy then diverted the youths' attention back to the business at hand.

"Lenny, park the car over there against the wall and let's get down to business." He looked at the youths as they alit from the vehicle. They milled around and watched while Lenny backed the old car up to the back wall.

When the driver had emerged from the vehicle he joined the others and they walked toward Hialeah.

"Lenny, you can team up with me; I think we can do better together," Billy suggested to his friend.

At the city limits sign the youths dispersed, heading in different direction.

"Let's go into the center of town," Billy said to his friend, the other youth following him as they walked.

Darkness blanketed the town now as the boys neared their destination.

"I know what we can do," Lenny suggested. "Let's go to a parking lot in a shopping center and we can grab a pocketbook or two. Most everyone got paid today, so they should have some money on them."

Billy nodded agreement, only sorry that he hadn't thought of it. It was a lot cleaner than beating up a weakling.

The youths located a parking lot in a large shopping center. Stealthily, they eased their way between the parked vehicles.

Lenny yanked at his partner's arm. When Billy looked in his direction he saw what his friend was pointing at. A car had just pulled up and an old woman was climbing out. She walked to the back of the vehicle. The door of the car had been left open and her purse was lying on the seat.

Like a shot, Lenny yanked at the purse and before the woman realized what had happened, the youth had run like a bullet between cars and disappeared in the dark.

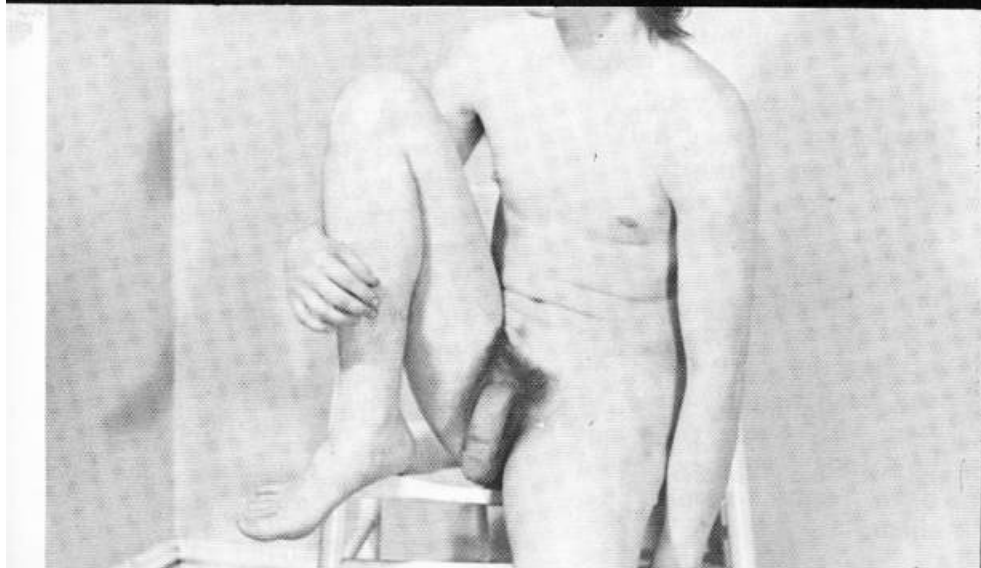
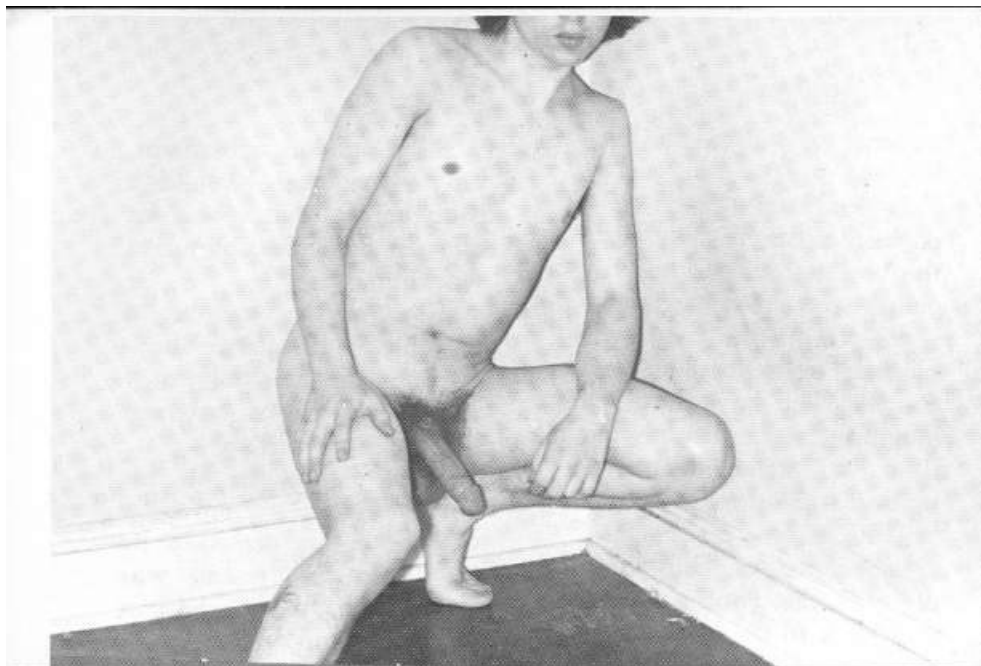
Billy ran behind him. He was frightened when he heard the woman screaming for help.

In his hurry to escape, Billy ran into an old man, giving him a violent shove. The man landed on the ground, too dazed to sound an alarm.

Billy and Lenny stopped several blocks away and opened the purse. They were hidden in a small lot, some distance from an old warehouse.

"Here's the money," Lenny panted, handing it to his leader.

Billy pocketed the money. "Wipe your fingerprints from the purse and throw it in that barrel over there," he instructed his buddy.



When they got back to the drive-in, Lenny and Billy ordered another shake and sat in the vehicle. None of the others had returned.

It was nearly midnight when Mickey, the last member, returned safely. The boys breathed a sigh of relief as they saw a car pull up to the drive-in and the youth climbed out, thanking the driver for the lift.

All told, they had amassed nearly \$200. Each told the story of how he had obtained the loot—embellishing the facts somewhat.

It was almost 2 a.m. before the youths had divided the booty and returned home for the night.

The next afternoon the newspapers played up the malicious mischief of the gang that had suddenly flowered. It was identified as the group that had beaten up the tourist the previous night.

The effect of the publicity had a mysterious effect on Billy: he suddenly felt like the central figure, the wanted one—Jack the Ripper. Rereading the articles over and over again, he swelled with pride; the authorities were taking note of him, though they didn't know who he was.

"Now!" His voice had assumed a new air of authority. "Tonight we're going to roll another faggot. Only this time we're going up to Hollywood. We can go to the beach there, or we can go to one of the parks."

"Mickey isn't here tonight," one of his mates reminded. "He went away

with his family for the weekend."

"Well," the leader responded thoughtfully, "I guess I'll be the decoy—and when you guys get to us, I can start the ball rolling; I'll start the rumble." They agreed. They climbed into Lenny's car and headed for Hollywood. They decided to go to the beach first.

At the beach, the boys entered a restaurant and ordered shakes, while Billy walked along the beach to survey the situation. When he returned he sat down and whispered, "We'll have to go over to the park; there's no one on the beach."

The youths rode around town in the car, being careful to obey traffic rules so as not to attract attention.

Once again Lenny parked the car at a drive-in parking lot, across from a park. The youths agreed that they would use the same method they had at Fisher Park, then dispersed as Billy led the way.

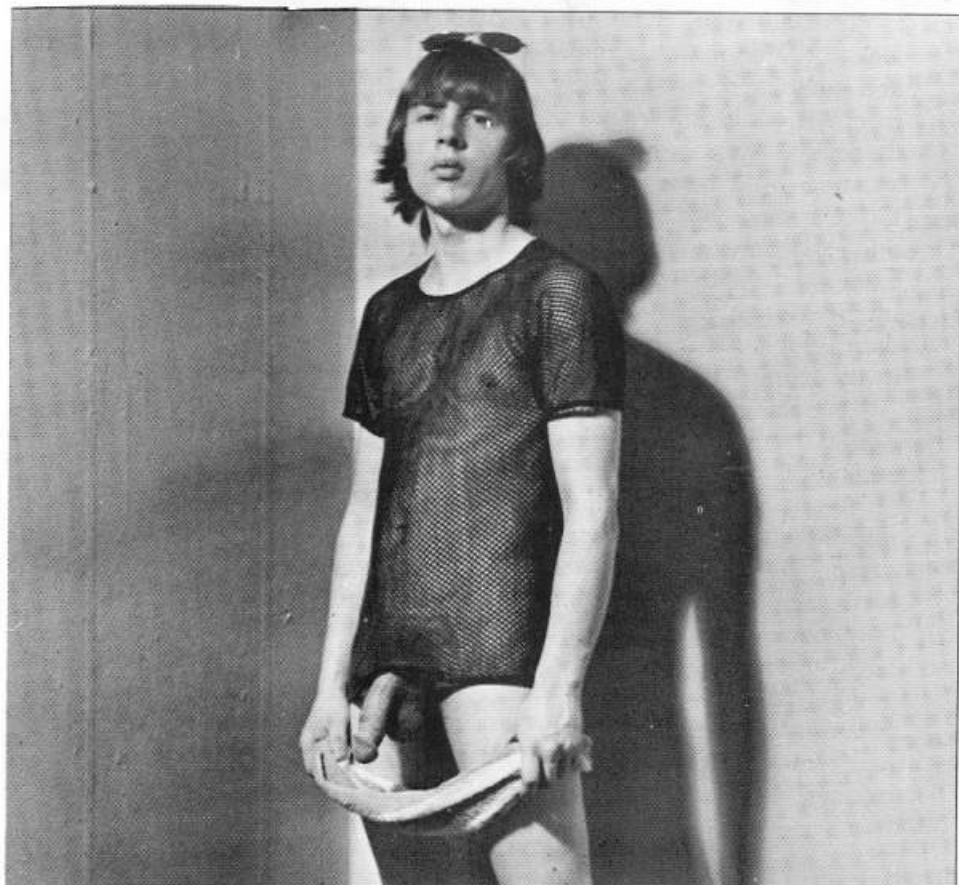
In the darkened park, Billy walked up one path and down another. It did not take him long to spot his prey. He saw a lone man seated on a bench. The youth walked over to him.

"Do you know what time it is?" the youth inquired of the man.

The man scrutinized his watch in the dark. "It's 9:30."

Billy sat down beside the man. "Still early . . . I have a few hours to kill."

The man eased over until he was touching the youth. His hand was on the



bench, nestled against the boy's thigh. The young fellow did not move, nor protest the advances.

"Would you like to go somewhere?" the man inquired hopefully.

"I don't mind if I do," Billy responded casually.

The man rose and they walked down a path. When they reached the other side of the park, the man opened a car door for the youth. Billy was taken aback by this turn of events. He hesitated, then climbed in, hoping the others would be able to follow with Lenny's car. He tried to delay the ride, but the man climbed in beside him and sped off down the ocean highway.

When they reached a small motel facing the ocean, some miles south of Hollywood, the man unlocked the door to his room and held it open for Billy to enter. Billy knew that if there was any hanky-panky, he would have to do it himself and do it alone. Suddenly he was frightened. The man with him was much bigger than he and didn't look as if he'd shy away from a fight.

"Would you like a drink?" the man asked amicably.

"I guess so," the youth responded meekly. He wondered what the other fellows would do; he hoped they would wait for him back at the drive-in.

The man was pouring two drinks from a bottle he had removed from a traveling bag.

"Say when," he laughed as he poured.

"When, when!" Billy responded anxiously.

The man handed the boy the drink. Holding up their glasses, they drank.

Billy was taken aback by the strong drink. Nervously he fingered the glass, for all of a sudden he didn't feel as grown up as he had felt with the other members of his gang present. No longer were the boys who protected him around to back him up; it was just he and this man, this pervert. Billy was visibly scared.

"Nervous?" the man asked, glancing at the youth.

Billy shifted his weight to his other foot; he hadn't thought that the fright was so obvious. "Oh . . . no, no." He was embarrassed that the man had detected it.

"No need to be nervous! We'll just have a little fun, then I'll take you back downtown. Is that all right with you?"

The youth nodded, saying nothing.

They sat drinking quietly for a few moments. The host turned on the radio and suddenly the room filled with soft music.

"Take your things off," the man said, smiling.

Billy commenced by removing his shirt; then, unzipping his fly, he eased the trousers down, stepping out of them. The youth walked into the bathroom, wearing only his shorts.

The man eyed the beautiful form of the lad as he disappeared. When the bathroom door closed he immediately proceeded to remove his own clothing.

Completely unclothed now, the man climbed into the bed and waited for the youth's return.

The bathroom door opened and Billy reappeared.

The young man looked over at the bed, walked over to it, climbed in.

The older man placed his arm about the shoulders of the boy, feeling the body close to his, fondling the smooth chest and stomach. Slipping his hand inside the boy's shorts, he began to massage him. Gently, then, he pulled at the boy's jockey shorts, sliding them down over his hips and off.

Now, excited, the older man sat up. Continually fondling the small buttocks of the youth, he turned him over gently.

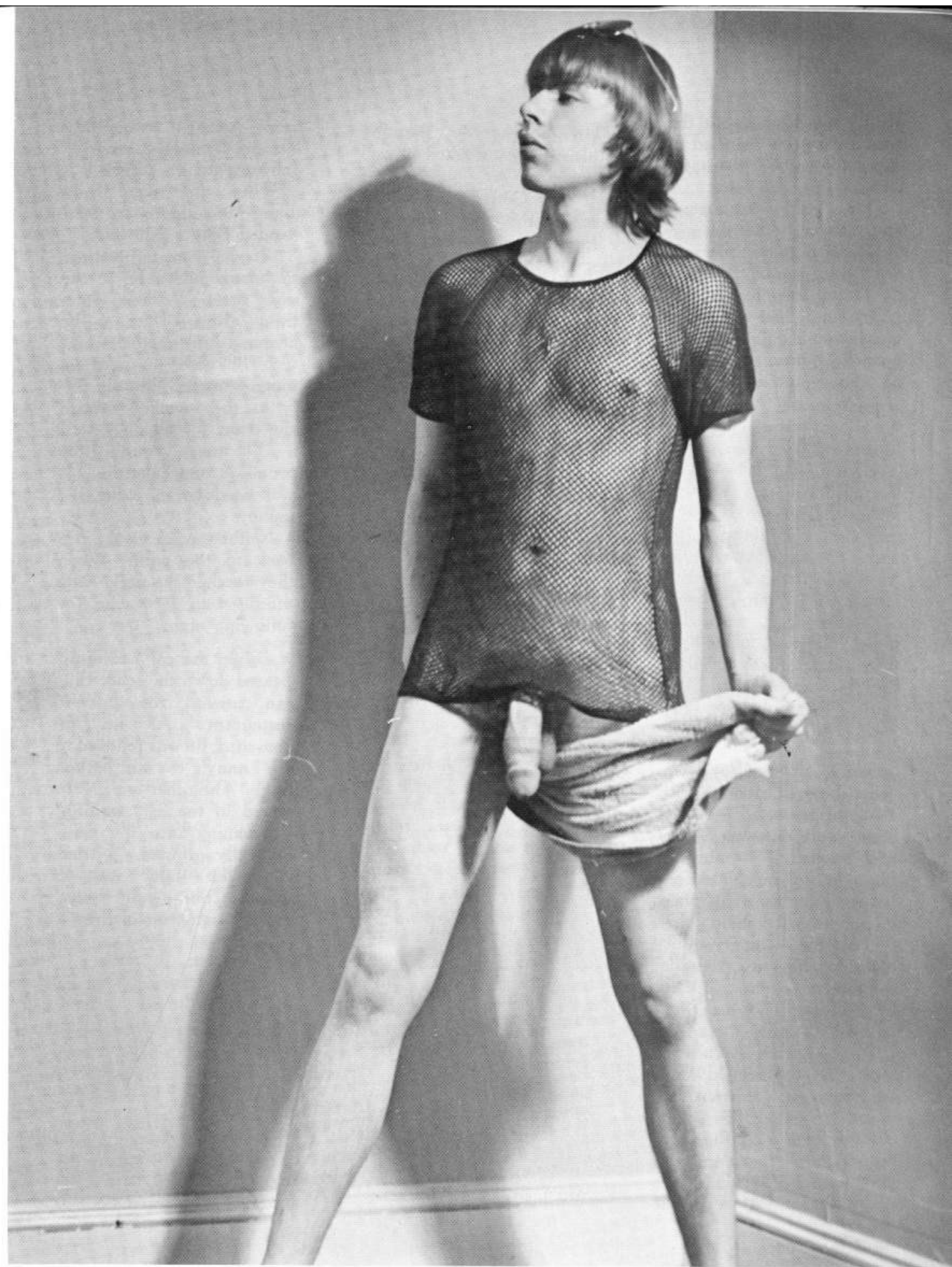
Billy lay on his stomach, his eyes closed. Suddenly he felt a strong cord being tied around one ankle, then the other.

"Hey! Wha-what are you doing?" He was suddenly frightened.

"Just a few minutes—it won't hurt you. It's just that I like to do it this way—I'll pay you for it."

Billy was silent now he had heard he was to be paid for it. He felt the man spread-eagle his legs as he tied the ankles to the bedposts.

Then the man tied both



of the boy's wrists to the headboard. He pushed a large pillow under the boy's hips.

"I'm going to screw you," he muttered.

"Don't hurt me, please!" Billy was pleading now.

"I'll put some K-Y on it."

The man had a glob of grease on his finger as he pushed it into the crevice of the youth's buttocks,



greasing it well. Then, when he was satisfied with that operation, he squeezed some more onto his fingers and applied it to himself. He climbed on his knees between the boy's legs, then moved down, sliding between the slippery buttocks, pushing in, stopping a moment; then, satisfied he was in proper position, he pushed again.

"God damn! Don't hurt me!" the boy pleaded.

"Shut up; I want to screw you," the man blurted as he pushed in farther, to the screams of the youth under him.

Pushing with all his

strength, slowly gyrating his hips, he worked in and out.

"My God, you're killing me," the boy moaned, knowing the man wasn't going to let up now.

"I've got to screw you, baby; I've got to . . ." He was panting as he moved his body up and down on the warm smooth body of the youth.

The man had wrapped his arms around Billy now and was gently massaging the boy while his own hips convulsed.

Working his body faster and faster, the man panted. He felt the hot fluid shoot from the boy. No longer did Billy cry. Instead, the boy's hips were now moving up and down in unison with the man above him. They worked in perfect harmony.

"There! That's better, isn't it, baby? I just love screwing you."

The youth was now almost on his knees, raising his hips so the man could have better access. Rotating, gyrating, the two fevered bodies worked; they panted and moaned as the man rammed home.

"My God, I'm coming, I'm coming—I feel it coming!" he whispered when he felt the ejaculation as it spewed from him.

"Ohhhhh!" he moaned loudly, knowing it had finally come to an end.

The man lay still, prostrate on the boy, for a long while, his eyes shut. Final-

ly aware that it was getting late, he climbed off and began untying the boy.

When they were fully dressed once more, the man handed Billy a \$20 bill.

"If you want to meet me tomorrow night, be at the same park. We'll do something else. I like to be beaten with a leather whip, too. I'll give you \$50 tomorrow night," he told Billy as they walked toward the door.

"I'll meet you," Billy promised nonchalantly. He was anxious to make big money.

Neither spoke on the trip back to the park. When they reached the park, Billy promised to meet him the following night.

When the car had disappeared down the road, Billy ran toward the drive-in restaurant. As he approached, he was relieved to see Lenny's car still parked there. The other boys were seated in the car, waiting.

Climbing into the vehicle, Billy grinned. "I tried to make him wait—I stalled, but you guys couldn't catch up in time."



The others were nodding, all telling their version of the tale.

"Well, he gave me a blow job," Billy lied. "He didn't want to give me any money, but I stole \$20 from him. He still doesn't know it's missing." Quickly he added, "Tomorrow night he's going to be back—we'll come up and roll him."

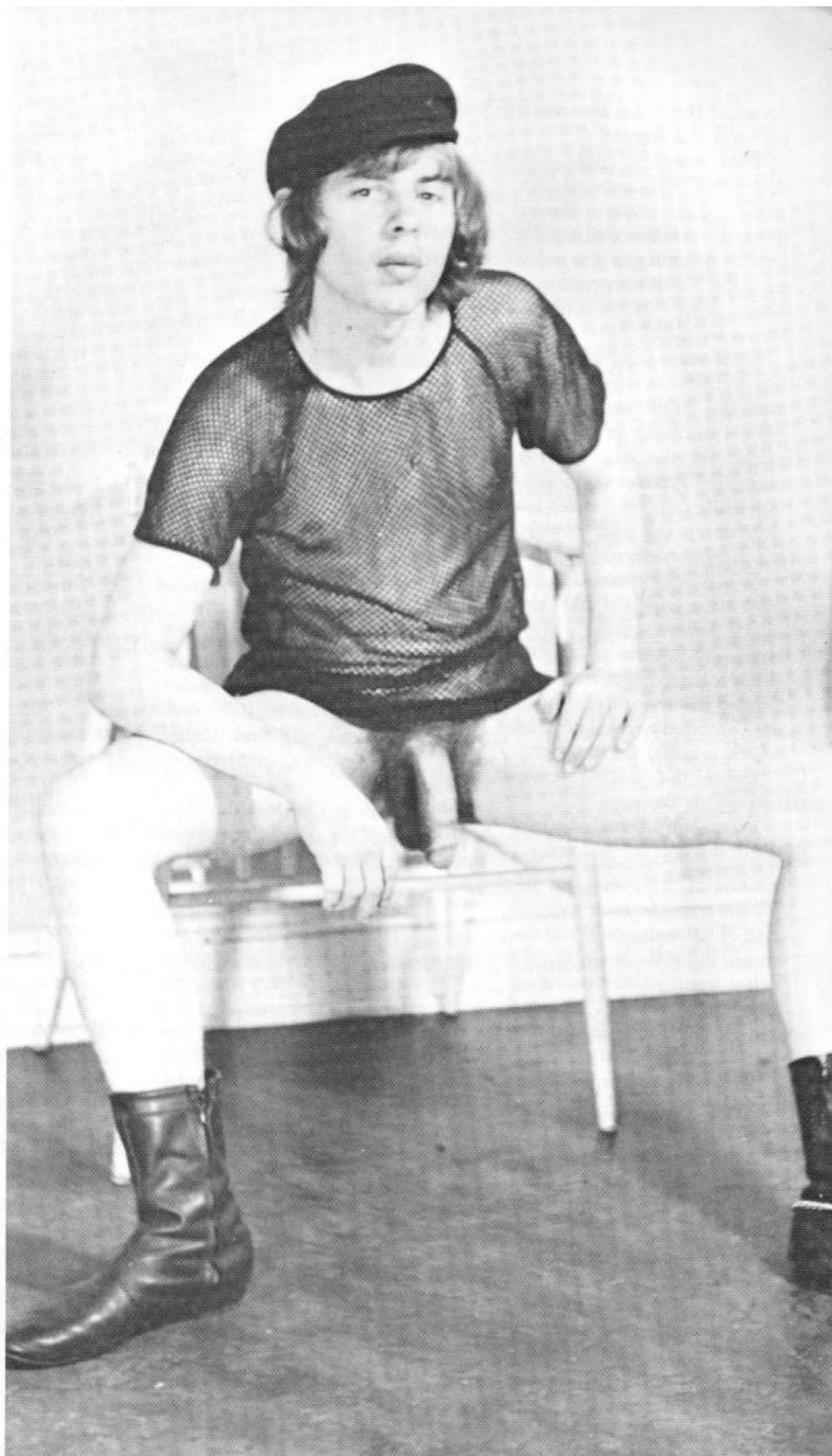
The others nodded agreement. Billy split the \$20 as they headed for home.

Billy slept late the next morning. When he finally did arise, his mother scolded him for coming in so late.

The youth was relieved that his mother had an appointment at the beauty parlor, thus she was in a hurry to leave and he could spend the rest of the day without listening to her complaints. He knew that his father wouldn't be home until that evening, too. He decided he would leave the house before his father came home.

Billy thought over the events of the previous evening. He remembered how fascinated he had been by the man's actions as he seduced him. Billy recalled how excruciating the pain had been at first, and then how he had enjoyed it.

The youth knew he would go back to Hollywood that evening with the other fellows, and he had to



do what they had agreed to do: roll the faggot.

That evening Billy met the other members of the gang and they drove toward Hollywood, the youths listening to the radio intently, saying nothing. They were in a serious frame of mind.

Once more Lenny parked the vehicle at the drive-in and the boys emerged en masse, walking toward the park. At the edge of the park they separated, following Billy as he made his way down the path toward the darkened figure.

When he reached the man who had met him the night before, Billy spoke with him a few moments, softly; then they rose and headed in the direction of the wooded area, beyond which was the parking lot.

Inside the thicket, Billy turned on the man.

"You motherfucking faggot!" he said as he brought his hand up, striking the stranger in the face with his fist. The man could not defend himself because the other youths were pummeling him now with repeated blows, kicking him in the groin.

The boys continued beating him unmercifully, unrelenting.

"I've got it! I've got his billfold!" Billy exclaimed as the others ran behind him, following him out of the thicket, across the parking lot, disappearing across the way.

Breathing loudly, the boys panted as their car sped down the highway



towards Lennox.

"How much did he have?" Lenny asked when they were on the open highway, assured that they weren't being followed.

"Seventy-five dollars," Billy responded. The youth opened the window wider and tossed the billfold out.

"No one will find it way out here," he assured the others.

Back in Lennox, the boys divvied up the money and separated.

The following day the papers reported the beating, charging robbery as the motive. The newspapers were up in arms about the gang that had cropped up so suddenly in their midst, demanding immediate action from the police force.

The county solicitor, the chief of police, and Judge Ramson of Juvenile Court met in the judge's chambers, in serious discussion as to what should be done with the youthful offenders who were presently active. They all agreed that these kids were sadistic, from the

way they had maimed their victims.

"I'm telling you," the county solicitor said through pursed lips, "if I catch those incorrigible bastards, I'm going to throw the book at them, demand the limit!"

"You're right," agreed the judge. "There'll be no pussyfooting in my court. You'd be remiss if you demanded less."

All three authorities agreed. The discussion was interrupted by the sharp ringing of the telephone on the judge's desk.

He picked up the instrument and held it to his ear.

"Judge Ramson?" the voice inquired; it sounded familiar.

"Yes?"

"This is Benny Kargill, the reporter."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Kargill."

"Judge, do you have a statement to make?"

"Regarding what?"

"Regarding your son, Billy—he's just been arrested as the leader of the sadistic gang!"

The phone went dead.

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